FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

VOLUME 33/No 8 August 1982

Connections

A GOOD MANY OF US these days like to address our prayers to "Mother/Father God," which is scarcely what we were taught to do at the churches or temples we attended as children. This small detail, however, carries disproportionate-seeming meaning and comfort to those of us who have picked it up from New Age friends. It's only one of the numerous changes, large and small, which have occurred in the second half of this century's practice of prayer. That such changes continue to be made is, we believe, a sign of the spiritual renaissance that is taking place beyond the scope of daily headlines and the eleven o'clock news.

What appears to be taking place is an increasing curiosity about and growing knowledge of faiths and practices much, much different from our own. Take, for example, the contents of this issue.

It begins with a statement of one man's (an Englishman's) traditional Christian beliefs. It continues with a special insight from a long-lost guide to prayer by a great writer of Christian hymns. This is followed by a contemporary Christian writer's perception of some of the right uses to which the prayerful life might be put.

The way of the Sufis comes next. After that, a short story which (we think in a remarkable manner) depicts a human being on the verge of taking a first step on the path of spiritual consciousness.

On reading "Zen and The Art of Tea," you may well be as surprised as we were to discover the spiritual relevance of this merely sociable-seeming ceremony. In the monograph on the artist Dante Gabriel Rossetti, you may not be surprised by the inner struggles of a celebrated Victorian.

William Stephens' pilgrimage to the tomb of Avatar Meher Baba, in India, is concerned with the same subject — in this case, with the effects a contemporary spiritual leader has had on the men and women who lived with him on this earth.

Three unusual photographs — one of a way through dark trees, another which seems to depict the world of childhood, and a third that shows the shadow of a wicker rocker — make the kind of penetratingly suggestive comments on existence which words sometimes are hard put to create.

An interview with the director of The Planetary Initiative For The World We Choose is followed by a report on two young Buddhists who marched around the world for peace. Doris Donnelly, reviewing books on suffering, also takes up the connection between human spirit and human behavior.

Connections. They are what we are looking for and trying to form. It is the need we feel for them and our unsatisfied quest for them that gives this time of ours the appearance of a sort of closet renaissance of the spirit. — P.G.

The opinions expressed in this issue are the authors' and not necessarily those of the editors or of Fellowship in Prayer.

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COVER PHOTO, by William Stephens, shows Bodre, the tailor, at work on a seven-color Meher Baba flag in his shop at Ahmednagar. See "Pilgrimage to Meherabad" on page 36.

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC.
20 Nassau Street,
Suite 250 East
Princeton, New Jersey 08540
(609) 924-0880

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(1880-1956), Founder

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One man's quest for the meaning of prayer has led to . . . .

WHAT I BELIEVE ABOUT PRAYER

by DAVID GUNSTON

Prayer needs Faith: However, the faith must not be in ourselves, but in God. Without some faith there is no point in praying — or living for that matter. We tend so readily to say to ourselves "If I have enough faith my prayer for this or that is sure to be granted," instead of "If I have enough faith in God my prayer for this or that will be granted in His way." There is all the difference in the world between the two. Christ said, in effect, "Believe that you receive it, and you will!"

After all, what is faith? It is simply complete faith in God. Thus every act of prayer is an act of faith — but more: It is a chance to express, deepen *and practice* that confidence. For our faith must always be at least equal to the need or desire that led us to prayer. Faith does come, and it does grow, in spite of everything that happens in our lives. The difficult part is finding a constant place for it in our hearts. Even if we claim boldly, "Yes, I have faith," then add swiftly in a pang of real humility, "Please help my lack of faith," we are nevertheless accepting the fact of God's responsive action, independent of human agency, upon which ultimately all prayer depends.

Prayer needs Humility: It is terribly easy to feel we are at the center of the universe, to forget that the divine love and concern is for all people equally, even those whom we may detest. The very act of kneeling, although never essential in prayer, can help to create the right mood — a mood that must speedily develop into an appeal for forgiveness for all our shortcomings.

Reduced to the barest essentials, prayer is simply seeking forgiveness for all the many occasions when we have failed God in our lives. To that, we can

usefully add a simple request to be helped to be forgiving to ourselves, towards other people, remembering always that we find that much harder to do than God does forgiving us. Once one accomplishes this one must not carry into subsequent prayer a crippling sense of guilt or unworthiness. This is foolish and wasteful. In Dr. Leslie Weatherhead's words: "God is always ready and willing to forgive us. We can move towards the window, pull up the blind and let the streaming light of loving forgiveness and acceptance flood the room. We are loved, understood, forgiven and accepted."

Prayer needs Thanksgiving: Again, something very easy to forget, especially when we are troubled. "In nothing be anxious, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God," said Saint Paul in his famous prescription for effective prayer. William Temple adds: "Thanksgiving is a far more important element in the devotional life than many people accustomed to say in their prayers have recognized. When we have received what we desired, to turn back to God and give Him thanks is a sheer recognition of His goodness. It is far more selfless than petition for those things in which our own desires are actively engaged. We can see how far we have allowed our self-centered concern to become uppermost as we watch how ready we are to pause and give thanks when those blessings for which we have prayed are granted — or other blessings of which we have never thought.."

Prayer needs Persistence: It is one of the several paradoxes of prayer that we are forced in the end to understand that if it appears that our requests are not granted, we must not only accept this as the will of God, but at the same time persist in our praying. God does not change his mind. He may well desire us to wait awhile, and by that delay clarify our own desire, strengthen our resolve, or even detach our faith in Him from all trust in our own judgment.

There is no doubt at all that in big matters as in small, we give up praying too soon. Saint Paul's command: "Pray without ceasing" has many depths to it. Patience in prayer can be a saving power.

Prayer needs Discipline: Prayer is a discipline. Leaving aside the times of obvious joyful inspiration or uplifting purpose in prayer, prayer presents us with a discipline that must be followed, day in and day out. Prayer must become the most important part of our lives. We must be prepared to give it at least as much determination and resolve as we bring so readily to things like television or daily newspapers. Prayer is a kind of permanent life-line through which love flows between God and ourselves. In George S. Stewart's striking words, "streaming in freedom from God or oozing in slow and sullen drops from man.... God takes action towards us as we come, and in the conflict of desires within us, sways life towards Himself."

Of course there will be many times of what may be rightly called "dryness," of seeming futility and wasted effort. But a quiet and steady discipline in prayer helps them to pass, and they always do. Dr. Leslie Weatherhead tells us frankly: "I have always found prayer difficult. So often it seems like a fruitless game of hide-and-seek, where we seek and God hides. I know that God is very patient with me. Without that patience I should be lost. But frankly, I have to be patient with Him. With no other friend would I

go on seeking with such scant, conscious response. Yet I cannot leave prayer alone for long. My need drives me to Him. And I have a feeling that He has His own reasons for hiding Himself, and that finally all my seeking will prove infinitely worth while."

Prayer needs Direction: Like anything really valuable in this life, prayer needs a sense of direction and purpose, a modicum of plan and arrangement. It is not much good praying willy-nilly when the mood takes us. Little will ever be achieved that way. God rewards prayer. The rewards are promised. In my experience they are in direct proportion to the planned purposefulness of praying. Apart from direct intercession for others which always has its own clear direction and purpose, I try whenever possible to offer: *Thanksgiving* and *Praise;* to seek *Forgiveness* and *Guidance;* then to ask for *Strength, Patience* and *Understanding,* in that order; and that it will be possible to *Build* on what has been achieved already in my own life and in the lives of those dear to me. At this point I frequently succumb to the temptation to request an *End* to uncertainty, and a much clearer idea of God's purpose for our lives. I like to end with a declaration of *Quiet, trustful confidence in the future.*

Prayer needs Heart: Are our own prayers from the heart? They need to be, of course, but are they? We must accept that all prayer, ultimately, is in fact God praying through us, trying hard to work in our own lives. The initiative to pray always comes from God within us. This can be a very comforting thought, but also a very challenging one. God is indeed always "more ready to hear than we to pray," but at the same time we need never to lose sight of the fact that the best prayers of all are simply waiting in silence upon Him.

Prayer needs Application: Prayer and life are ideally one, and we should apply our prayers to every aspect of life without reserve or hesitation. We always need to hold in our minds the inescapable fact that no situation remains the same when prayer is made about it. Whenever God is brought into a situation by prayer, a new situation is always created. In Mother Clare's words: "When we are distracted, anxious, the thing to do is to stop dead and remember that God knows what should be done and He has, what we have not, the power to make it happen."

Prayer needs Expectancy: Always trust in God's own special, highly personal way of dealing with our needs. Remember that suffering and unhappiness are not his objects for us. However, he may use them to improve us to the point when we better respond to the good things He wants for us. Constant, expectant prayer, however meagre or humble, on whatever low level it may be practiced, brings many rewards, not least of which is a growing sensitivity to God.

Prayer needs Release: Every prayer is ideally an act of release, of self-renunciation, of the deepest commitment and self-offering. God requires total surrender just as He requires total trust. That way He must be constantly disappointed in us when we profess faith and renunciation — then go on worrying and doubting and living by our fears.

The feeling of "His will for us" can really take possession of our hearts and minds. There is truly no limit in this world or the next to what God can do by means of us if we train ourselves in prayer to trust Him enough.

ON "PLEADING" IN PRAYER

In a little-known guide to prayer the great hymn-writer Isaac Watts differentiates between it and petition

by J.B. NETTLESHIP

FOR MOST OF US the name of Isaac Watts is associated with the hymns he wrote: *Jesus shall reign where'er the sun, O God our help in ages past, When I survey the wondrous cross,* and many others. The fact is that Watts was influential in other ways as well — as the much-loved minister of Mark Lane

ON "PLEADING" IN PRAYER

Chapel in London, as a writer on philosophy, logic, and astronomy, as the author of songs for children. One little-known contribution of his to religious life is *A Guide To Prayer*, published in 1715, which consists of addresses he gave, during the early part of his ministry, to groups of young people gathered in the vestry of his church for prayer.

The *Guide* was "retrieved from its dusty hiding place" and republished in abridged form in 1948, in connection with the bi-centenary of Watts' death. According to the Reverend Harry Escott, who was largely responsible for it, "We need a book, small in compass, that presupposes no special knowledge of prayer, but guides the reader step by step on the spiritual pilgrimage." The *Guide* deals with "The Nature of Prayer," "The Gifts of Prayer," and "The Grace of Prayer." The first section takes up in turn such familiar aspects of prayer as invocation, adoration, confession, petition, and thanksgiving. It also includes what Watts calls "pleading." "Pleading with God," he writes, "or arguing with him in a fervent yet humble manner, is one part of that importunity in prayer which Scripture so much recommends."

Watts separates "pleading" from petition. There *is* a difference. Almost always the word is used in Scripture in the legal sense of maintaining a case as in a court of law. One example among many can be found in Job 13:17: "Listen then, listen to my words, and give a hearing to my exposition. Be sure of this, once I have stated my case, I know that I shall be acquitted."

In another place (23:4) Job says: "If I could get nearer to God, I would order my case before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments." So, too, in Jeremiah: "Righteous art Thou, O Lord, when I plead with Thee, yet let me talk with Thee of Thy judgments, wherefore doth the way of the wicked perish?"

To use the word "pleading" in the sense of "arguing" with God may seem at first sight to be irreverent. But the basis of this relationship with God is given by God Himself, as recorded in Isaiah (1:18): "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord," or, as the New English Bible translates it, "Come now, let us argue it out, says the Lord."

As Watts puts it: "As God condescends to talk with us after the manner of men, so He admits us to talk with Him after the same manner, too." J.S. McEwen says: "Religion is *reasonable* intercourse between God and man, an affair therefore of mind and conscience, not of blind ritual and sacrifice." This is the prophetic as contrasted with the priestly conception of religion and prayer. This is illustrated by the fact that the word "plead" occurs mostly either in Job or in the prophetic books.

"When a boatman puts out his boathook and fastens it to the shore, it is not to draw the shore to his boat," Matthew Henry says, "but to draw his boat to the shore."

Isaac Watts makes it clear that pleading in prayer will not coerce God into doing our will, but bring our wills into line with His. How often in ordinary conversation we see the weakness of our position when we put it into words. So it is with our "divine discussions." Pleading, in fact, is the most disciplined part of prayer, for it demands a very great degree of attentiveness. Simone Weil says: "Prayer consists of attention. It is the orientation of all the attention of which the soul is capable towards God. The quality of the attention counts for much in the quality of the prayer. Warmth of heart cannot make up for it."

AS WATTS DEVELOPS his position, giving what he calls "seven grounds on which we may plead with God," it becomes clear that, while we may not consciously recognize his categories, this is, in part at least, how we *do* pray.

We may plead, he says, "from the greatness of our wants, our dangers, our sorrows."

"The several perfections of God's nature" provide a second ground of argument in prayer: "For Thy mercies' sake," "Thou art just and righteous," "Thou art sovereign and all things are at Thy command . . . ."

Or pleading may rest on the various relationships in which man stands to God, as for example: *Creator* ("Hast Thou not fashioned me and wilt Thou destroy me?") or *King and Governor* ("To whom should I fly for protection but to Thee?") or *Father* ("Why should one of Thy poor, weak, helpless children be forgotten?")

Then there are the particular promises of the covenant of grace. "This calling to remembrance the covenant of God," Watts says, "hath often been of great efficacy and prevalence in the prayers of the ancient saints."

The "Name and honour of God in the world" Watts makes a fifth point for pleading. He writes: "'For Thy name's sake' was almighty argument in all the ancient times of the church."

Former experiences of ourselves and others form a sixth set of arguments to make use of in prayer.

Finally, for Watts, as for all Christians, "The most powerful and prevailing argument is the name and meditation of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Although Watts uses a vocabulary different from that with which we are familiar, and his writing sometimes seems labored by modern standards, underneath it is an importunity, an earnestness, a passion, and an intimate divine encounter which must be the mark of effective prayer.

Venturing Outward

by TOM BAKER

A STORY is told about a Bible-thumping preacher who was fond of riding through the old Southwest looking for new congregations on whom he could try out his endless and boring sermons. One day he rode into a new town and found all the people gathered in the town square, milling around a newly erected scaffold. As he surmised, a hanging was about to take place. Seeing this as an opportunity to make converts, he strode up to the authorities who were escorting the prisoner. As he approached, he overheard the sheriff telling the prisoner it was the custom of the town to allow the condemned man as much time as he wished to make any final comments to the assembled crowd. Realizing this was a perfect opportunity, the minister dashed up the steps, introduced himself to everyone, and said, "I wonder if it would be all right for me to use the prisoner's time to deliver one of my famous sermons which I just happen to have with me?"

The sheriff thought a bit and replied, "Well, I don't know. Most of our prisoners are quite scared of dying, and they like to take all the time they can. It's a pretty fearful thing, you know. But I'll ask him, and if it's okay with him, you can use his time to give your sermon."

The prisoner was consulted. He thought for a moment and said, "Sure, if he wants to preach, let him go ahead. . . . But I've heard him before, so hang me first."

This story is presented by way of pointing out that fear is a relative thing and that there are some things even more fear-inducing than death. The concept of "fear" occurs countless times in the Old and New Testaments. It has myriad nuances from bone-chattering dread and *"mysterium tremendum"* to something which approximates simple surprise.

Somewhere between these extremes lies the idea of "fear" about which the author of I John writes. As it is defined in I John, fear is a heightened self-awareness brought on by people, places, or things which are perceived as threats. It is both an emotional feeling and a physical response. Fear in this sense often produces a "turtle-like" response. When confronted with what seems to be a threat to our egos, many of us pull into ourselves and lock ourselves within a protective shell where we feel comparatively safe.

While this response may be useful for turtles, it is generally rather harmful for humans. The turtle-response causes me to lose contact with those from whom I might receive help. It causes me to rely on the very limited responses of my frightened ego. And, most damaging of all, it causes me to cut myself off from the source of my being — the trans-ego power which the writer of I John chooses to call God.

God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.
I John 4:16

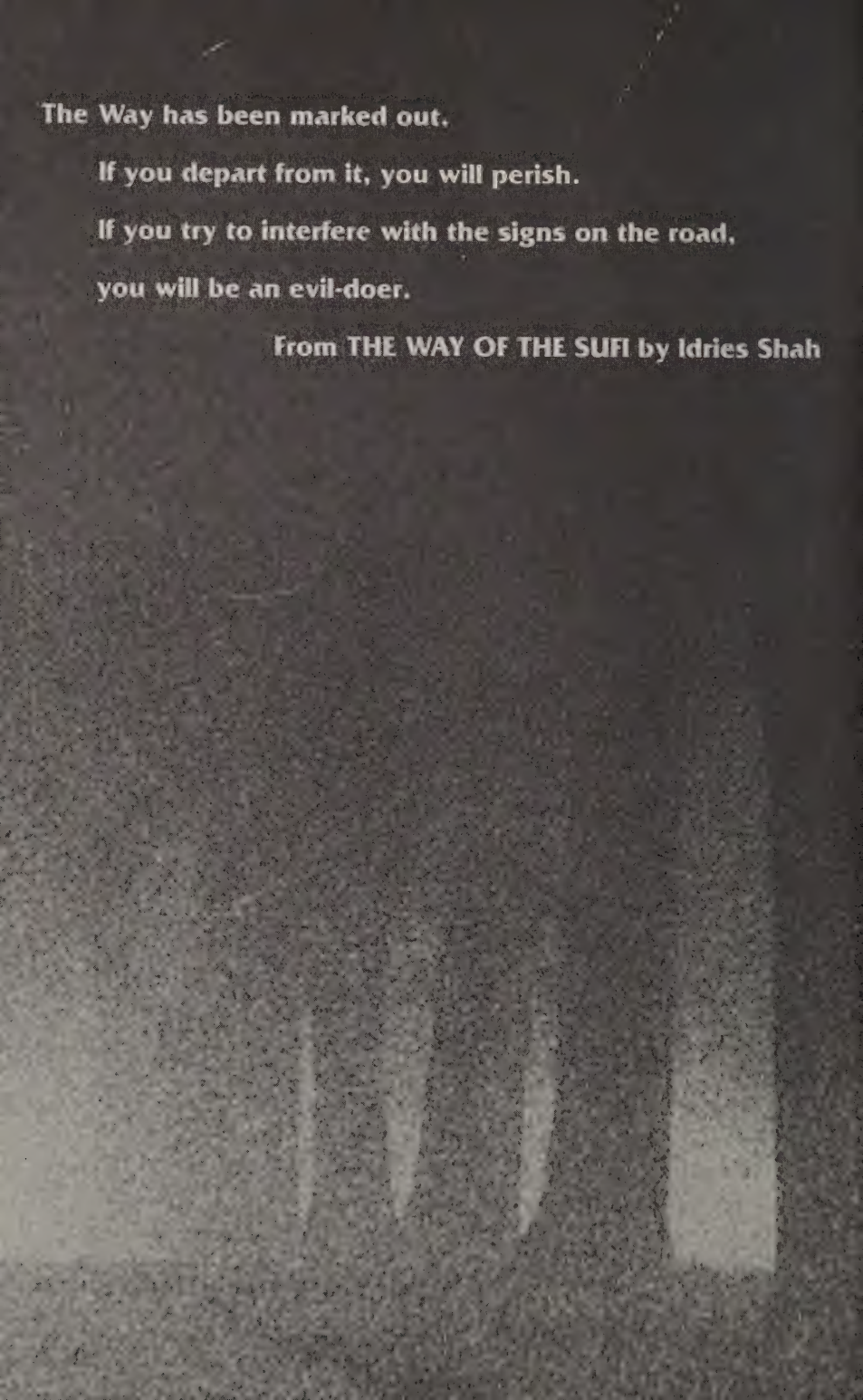
The writer of I John suggests that the cure for this fear-response is love. In this case, he uses the word *"agape,"* meaning a self-emptying movement away from neurotic self-awareness toward awareness of God and other persons. This may call into question some of the modern "human potential" movements which are urging us to get to know ourselves better and to strive ever so self-consciously for self-fulfillment.

Perhaps it is not in the never-ending journey *into* the ego, but rather in the ego-destroying venture *outward* to others and The Other that fear is vanquished. The writer of I John suggests that we already have a model for this in Jesus of Nazareth. In Christ we see that God chose to empty himself of his divinity, to move from Godhood to humanity, so great was his *agape.* At the risk of speaking in too human terms, God "found himself" in the God/Man Christ. In Christ, the self-emptying paradigm is given.

The implications of this are simple. The writer of I John goes on to point out, "There is no fear in love, but perfect love casts out fear. . . . we love because He loved us first. If anyone says: 'I love God' and hates his brother, he is a liar, for the one who does not love his brother whom he has seen cannot love God whom he has not seen. And this commandment we have from Him, that the one who loves God should love his brother also."

It is curious, at least to this modern ear, that there is no mention of first coming to love ourselves, first ridding ourselves of our own neuroses and self-doubts, and then proceeding to love God and others. Rather, from this passage and indeed from the entire letter of I John, one gets the idea that self-love — at least as a priority — is not terribly important. Moreover, we get the idea that those wrapped up in the quest for self-love (whether by means of humanism or the various religions of personal salvation) will be doomed to live in fear: to play turtle. It is perhaps not an over-simplification to suggest that the Gospel would have those who believe forget their egos and their endless quests for the meaning and significance of their egos and spend their time going out to others in *agape*/love.

This might mean not the ecstasy of feeling "saved" but rather the removal of fear and anxiety which come with worrying about whether or not one is saved. The goal then becomes not the ego-centered quest for personal salvation but the ego-destroying venture outward to meet the needs of others. The practical application of what this might mean should be plain enough. Another passage from I John points the way clearly enough: "If anyone has the world's goods, and beholds his friend in need, and closes his heart against him, how does the love of God abide in that?"



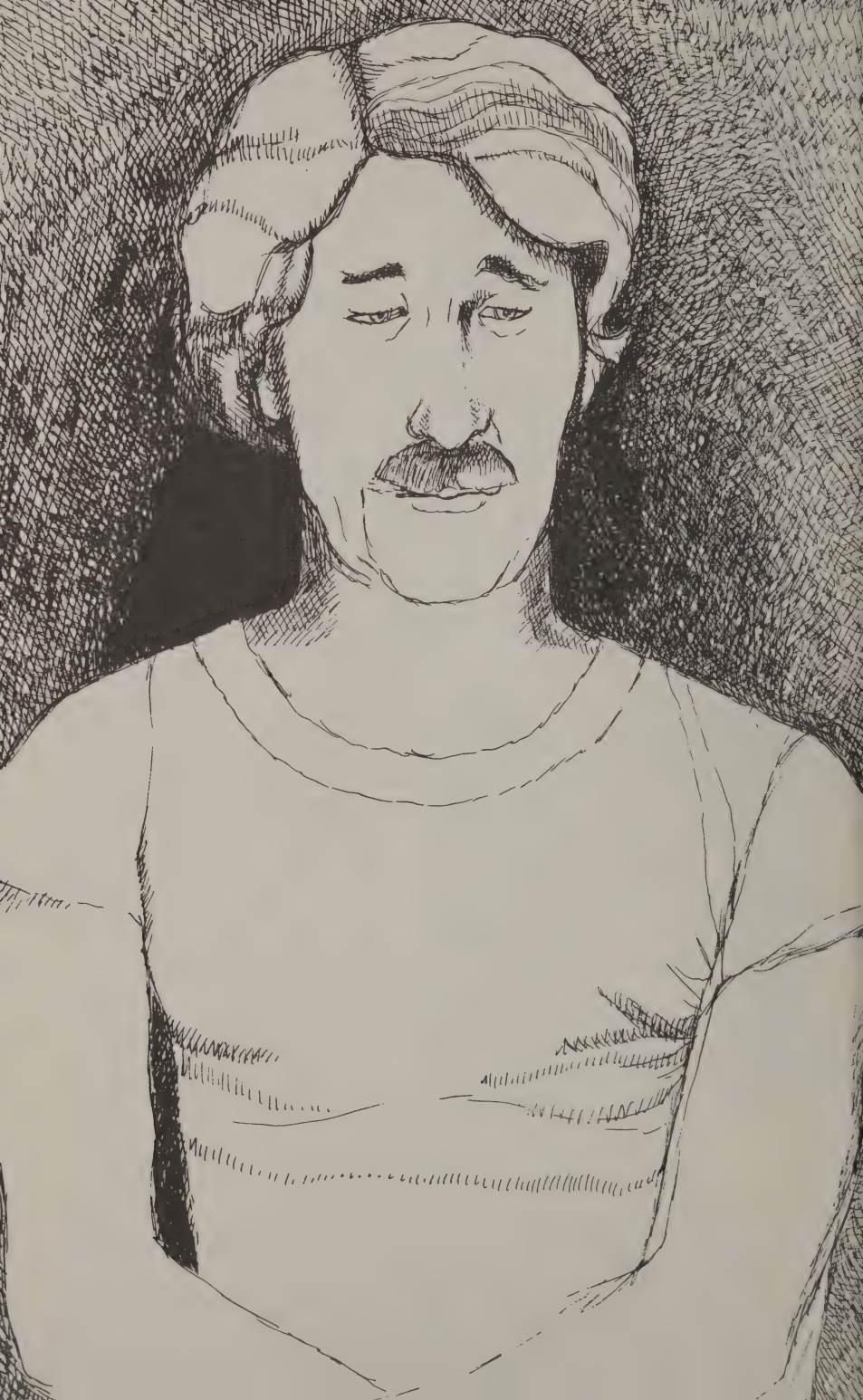
The Way has been marked out.

If you depart from it, you will perish.

If you try to interfere with the signs on the road,

you will be an evil-doer.

From THE WAY OF THE SUFI by Idries Shah



ENDING OF THE INTAKE

A Story by SALMON RYDER

I AM BEGINNING this account in an exaggerated setting — the nursing home where my father will soon die. If I always exaggerate, it must be to reaffirm my instinctive sense of myself as dramatically, idiosyncratically wiry, like this parent once was who now lies before me, curled up and modestly fetal, in a room at the end of the hallway in Marblehead.

My father is ninety-five, and I predict silently as I stare at him that he will not last the coming winter. His hands hold one another tightly, and he ratifies my prediction by whispering, as I take his bony head in both my hands and kiss his forehead, "I'll never see you again." But I do see him again two days later, this time with my daughters, and he appears to be as grimly unsurprised to see me as he would the angel of death, or as I would be to encounter my own annihilation in the arms of health. Health is the benevolent/malevolent stranger whose embrace I fear I will not survive any more than my father will the winter.

My Uncle Jim, my mother's brother, used to say when they were both alive, that only three things mattered to a good man (and he counted himself one, and my mother agreed and instructed me by so doing to be likewise): health, wealth, and welfare. While not above poking fun at the then-newest governmental department's unwieldy bureaucratic designation, he was dead-serious and, I like to think, reflected the influence of his father before him. He meant by health, freedom from debility and pain — or if not from pain *per se*, then pain unbearable. He meant by wealth, I fancy, the welfare that his jocular expression would seem to have rendered tautological — a commonwealth of publicly shared good-fortune that in a seriously hard-working, responsible community should bring with it — but often does not — food, shelter, and clothing. Wealth was work, experience, age, knowledge, money. By welfare, my Uncle Jim meant everything else, mostly love, mainly sexual love, and fully reciprocal love, the love of women and of a particular woman, my aunt, the love of children and of particular children, my cousins, the love of self and of one's particular self. "You know," he used to say, "it's rare that all three things are going well. We're lucky if our health is good and our job is too, even if the marriage is on the rocks. It's pretty bad when we've just been fired or are flat-broke and haven't been paid in six months, but at least we still have our health. If that goes, too, life's just awful. But then we get some love and things pick up. Or a favorite uncle dies . . ." He shoots me a quick look, and I fill in for him, ". . . leaving me a million dollars." He laughs and

adds, "That's right. You can take a lot of bad health with a million dollars in your pocket." Then he had me dying of what he called consumption, only to have a rich woman come along to nurse me back to health. "Believe me," he said romantically, "it's happened more than once." But my uncle exaggerated, too.

Right now my father does not know I love him. The lunch he is given sustains him only until suppertime. His health cannot even be discussed coherently except by technicians, let alone be understood or appreciated, and in any case does not, perforce, encompass any sense by him of its quality — good or bad. It's all bad, anyway, I assert, like the shelter my brother and sister and I have arranged for him in this nursing home, like the hospital gown he wears all the time now instead of clothing, like the pureed food that is fed to him with spoons.

"He knew you right away," my girls report later. "Yes", I say, "but still, I wish we could all live here just across Lafayette Street and drop in twice a day to help him die."

"I'd feed him lunch," says M., sounding like me.

"I'd give him a fine dinner," says T., sounding like her mother, my estranged wife, whom my father likes as much if not more than me.

"A mere shadow," I proclaim finally, staring across the water toward Swamscott, where I was born, "of his former self."

"Daddy, was he as tall as you?"

"Taller."

"Stoop-shouldered?"

"No."

"Apologetic?"

"Only in his manner."

"Then he *was* stoop-shouldered," one concludes, and the other, "Just like you."

"WHAT'S he dying of?" my friends want to know. My daughters and I have gone to the beach with friends in Marblehead after our visit with my father.

"Cancer," I say.

"What kind?"

"Rectum."

"Grampie doesn't have cancer," says T.

"I know," I say, "but we're not talking about him." My friends and I have privately been talking about a friend of mine back home in central New Jersey, Vincent, a doctor.

"Does Vincent?" divines T.

"Yes."

"And your brother William?" my friends inquire.

"Prostate," I answer.

"Eighty per cent cure," they say. "What's the percentage with rectal cancer?"

"Who knows?" I say. "Less."

"Much less?" M. asks.

"Yes. Much less."

IN BETWEEN VISITS to my father, my children and I have also been visiting my brother William and his family at their home nearby in Salem. It's the first time I have seen him in a year. In the spring he had his cancerous prostate gland removed. Only the week before we arrived, he tells me, he finished with the radiation therapy. "Much preferable to the chemotherapy they might have hit me with." I wonder about Vincent.

My brother William is fifty-five now, married more than thirty years, the father of eight, and I can't tell — not having seen him for so long —

whether he looks better now or worse. I was his best man and ought to know. He seems slightly overweight. His usual bad skin — I am being unkind here — appears to be about the same. He still smokes cigarettes: "What the hell." He says he's lost most of the hair on his lower abdomen. "Of course, I'm sterile." We laugh. Who cares? I hold my right forearm up stiff between us, fingers tightly extended, and question him with my eyes. "Oh sure," he says proudly, and I am relieved. But beside him, my friend Vincent, who has had his rectum torn out — carefully by his fellow-doctors — looks the picture of health. At fifty-three, he is about halfway in age between my brother and me, taller than either of us. He does not stoop, is ruddy-faced, and carries himself with deliberate but not slow aplomb. He talks in the same way — precisely, judiciously, confidently, and fast — and he talks a lot. He's the smartest man I ever met.

Among these older men, will I survive? They seem to know something I don't; even my father. Vincent's entire health, wealth, and welfare revolve around his work. My father's work, as a lawyer, is all behind him now, like his wife, my late mother, and his children, scattered — me among them, and his grandchildren, two of them mine, most grown to adulthood by now. William, a grandfather himself, faces the future, if not without uncertainty, without trepidation.

But I will not survive. I will not survive my father's death any more than I have my mother's. I will not survive my brother's death any more than I will the lung cancer, or more likely emphysema, the pack and a half of Camels I smoke each day will no doubt lead me to. My teeth are falling out, but I won't floss them as I'm told to do. My chest is shrunken and chronically congested, but I won't quit cigarettes and breathe deeply. I won't survive because nobody survives, and the anger I detect in Vincent's disciplined life, and the limbo where my father lives, and my brother's pessimistic optimism — all seem to be reflections of my own long argument with life. I won't breathe deeply. I won't play the fraudulent game of health, morality, and stoicism. Why pretend?

But I exaggerate. Pretense is belief, I know, the famous, tricky leap of faith, the necessary "as if," without which there is the mere nothing we all think we came from.

I am afraid to learn the pretense of the dental floss (which Vincent surprises me by telling me he bagan to use himself only a year ago — to immediately noticeable effect in the improvement of what he calls his "gingivital tissue"). I don't want to make the certain, necessary leap of faith I am being called on to make. The most crucial breath of all is upon me at fifty (between the first one slapped into us at birth and the one we will expire with). This is the breath taken in the middle of the road when it is too late to turn back anyway, the existential, undramatic ending of the intake and the beginning of the long exhale. I will do better to embrace it now, I know, with however cultivated an enthusiasm, rather be forced to recognize it later when it will be history. But still, poised, I hesitate.

ZEN AND THE ART OF TEA

by PAUL WALSH

"The art of tea is, after all, a spiritual discipline"

WHAT can you expect to see and — more importantly — feel in a Japanese tearoom? A good description is given by D.T. Suzuki:

"The room is small and the ceiling not at all high even for the stature of an average Japanese. It is devoid of decoration except in the alcove, where a *kakemono* — a hanging scroll of either painting or calligraphy — is hung and before which stands a vase containing perhaps a solitary flower not yet in full bloom. As I look around, in spite of its obvious simplicity, the room betrays every mark of thoughtful designing: the windows are irregularly inserted; the ceiling is not of one pattern; the materials used, simple and unornamented, are of various kinds; the room is divided by a post obliquely setting off one corner for tea utensils; the floor has a small square opening for a fireplace where hot water is boiling in an artistically shaped iron kettle.

"The papered *shoji* covering the windows admit only soft light, shutting off all the direct sunshine, which, when it is too strong for the teamen's sensibility, is further screened by a rustic *sudare* hanging just outside one of the windows. As I sit here quietly before the fireplace, I become conscious of the burning of incense. The odor is singularly nerve soothing; the fragrant flower produces a contrary effect on the senses.

"Thus composed in mind, I hear a soft breeze passing through the needle-leaves of the pine tree; the sound mingles with the trickling of water from a bamboo pipe into the stone basin. The flow and the breeze are rhythmical and soothing to the mind of the sitter inside the hut. In fact, they stimulate his meditative mood to move on to the bedrock of his being."

Like Zen, this (*Wabi*) style of setting for *chanoyu* eliminates all that is unnecessary or might get in the way of the attempt to return to the ultimate state of being. By surrendering one's individualistic ego and submitting to the strict pattern of the art form, the *chajin* is reminded that we live in a world of particular forms and that the spirit expresses itself only by means of form. The utmost simplification is symbolized, for example, by the solitary, thatched hut which represents a bare minimum of artifice applied to natural surroundings.

This insistence on "no cherry blossoms, no autumn leaves" seems to imply a conscious, systematic rejection of sensuous pleasure. This world of tea is indeed monochrome. Not only is there no artificial color in the thatched hut, but the scrolls display only ink-drawings or calligraphy. Raku bowls are black, dull red, brown, or rust-colored. Everything is *sabi* or *shibui.* There is no music, only the natural sounds of water boiling and the drip of water outside the entrance.

Buddhist rejection of all phenomena as empty leads to the denial of pleasure directly related to the senses, and the tea ceremony reflects this. However, the practice, and indeed the process, of *chanoyu* leads to something richer — the discovery of a spiritualized, internalized pleasure of the senses. Rikyu said: "People are always looking outside, wondering when the cherry blossom will flower on this hill or in that wood, without realizing that cherry blossoms and autumn maples are all in their own hearts." Teamen would say the senses are "objectively negated but subjectively affirmed." External emptiness is filled with inner richness. The plain setting of the tea ceremony room is designed to provide stimulus just sufficient to summon up the beauty in the heart.

The spirit, in terms of feeling, that runs through the ceremony is characterized by four elements: *Wa*, harmony — the harmony, or balance between host, guest, and material objects; *Kei,* reverence — the mutual respect between host and guests, as well as respect for the material and non-material elements involved; *Sei*, purity — purity and quietness of mind and body; *Jaku*, tranquility — the quietness of spirit that comes with one's total interaction with the environment when there is no trace of self-involvement, and the situation, action, or object is accepted fully, just as it is at that moment.

Wa. This Taoist principle seeks to retain a harmonious relationship with nature, that is, between the male and female principles. *Wa* may also be read as "gentleness of spirit." Suzuki thinks that "gentleness of spirit" (*Yawaragi*) may express the idea better than "harmony," because harmony, he feels, refers more to form, while gentleness refers to an inward feeling. "What is most valuable is gentleness of spirit; what is most essential is not to contradict others." Those are the opening words of the *Constitution of Seventeen Articles,* compiled by Shotuko in 604. When Dogen (1200-1253) returned to Japan from studying Zen in China, he said he had not learned much except *nyunan-shin*, which may be translated as "tender-mindedness" or "gentleness of spirit." Suzuki, speaking of gentleness, says, "Generally we are too egotistic, too full of hard, resisting spirit. We are individualistic, unable to accept things as they are or as they come to us . . . . If the art of tea purports to establish a Buddha; and in its small group, it has to start with gentleness of spirit."

To illustrate this point further, let us quote Zen Master Takuan (1573-1645):

"The principle of *chanoyu* is the spirit of harmonious blending of Heaven and Earth and provides the means for establishing universal peace. People of the present time have turned it into a mere occasion for meeting friends, talk-

ing of worldly affairs, and indulging in palatable food and drink; besides, they are proud of their elegantly furnished tearooms, where, surrounded by rare objects of art, they would serve tea in a most accomplished manner, and deride those who are not so skillful as themselves. This is far from the original intention of *chanoyu*."

LET US, THEN, construct a small room in a bamboo grove or under trees, arrange streams and rocks and plant trees and bushes, while (inside the room) let us pile up charcoal, set a kettle, arrange flowers, and set in order the necessary tea utensils. And let all this be carried out in accordance with the idea that in this room we can enjoy the streams and rocks as we do the rivers and mountains in nature, and appreciate the various moods and sentiments suggested by the snow, the moon, and the trees and flowers as they go through the transformation of seasons, appearing and disappearing, blooming and withering. As visitors are greeted here with due reverence, we listen quietly to the boiling water in the kettle, which sounds like a breeze passing through the pine needles, and become oblivious of all worldly woes and worries; we then pour out a dipperful of water from the kettle, reminding us of the mountain stream, and thereby our mental dust is wiped off. This is truly a world of recluses, of saints on earth.

The principle of propriety is reverence, which in practical life functions as harmonious relationship. This is the statement made by Confucius when he defines the use of propriety, and is also the mental attitude one should cultivate as *chanoyu*. For instance, when a man is associated with persons of high social rank, his conduct is simple and natural and there is no cringing self-deprecation on his part. When he sits in the company of people socially below him, he retains a respectful attitude toward them, being entirely free from the feeling of self-importance. This is due to the presence of something pervading the entire tearoom, which results in the harmonious relationship of all who come there. However long the association, there is always the persisting sense of reverence. This spirit is the mysterious Suchness that is beyond all comprehension.

For this reason, the principle animating the tearoom, from its first construction down to the choice of utensils, the technique of service, the cooking of food, etc., is to be sought in the avoidance of complicated ritual and mere ostentation. The implements may be old, but the mind can be invigorated therewith so that it is ever fresh and ready to respond to the changing seasons and the varying views resulting therefrom; it never curries favor, it is never covetous, never inclined to extravagance, but always watchful and considerate of others. The owner of such a mind is naturally gentle-mannered and sincere — this is *chanoyu.*

Kei involves a religious feeling of reverence toward a higher power and a feeling of humility toward others born of sincere awareness of our own moral, spiritual, intellectual, and physical shortcomings.

Sei is cleanliness, orderliness, quietness. Everything in and about the tearoom must be spotlessly clean. As in Taoism and Shintoism, one must

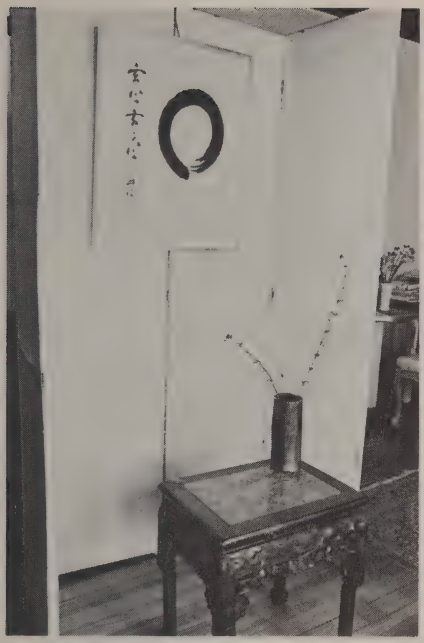
purify not only one's mouth and hands, but more importantly one's mind from the contamination of the senses. In *Zen and Japanese Culture*, Suzuki quotes from the *Hagakure* (compiled between 1210 and 1216) of Nakano Kazuma: "By seeing the *kakemono* (the scroll) in the *tokonoma* (the alcove) one's sense of sight is cleansed; with the flower in the vase one's sense of smell is cleansed; by listening to the boiling of water in the iron kettle and to the dripping of water from the bamboo pipe one's ears are cleansed; by tasting tea one's mouth is cleansed; and by handling the utensils one's sense of touch is cleansed. When all the sense organs are thus cleaned, the mind itself is cleansed of defilements. The art of tea is, after all, a spiritual discipline, and my aspiration for every hour of the day is not to depart from the spirit of the tea, which is by no means a matter of mere entertainment."

Jaku — tranquility — is a quality that man adds to his environment from his inner self. It is the fourth principle and the most essential factor in the art of tea. It is intimately bound up with the concepts of *wabi* and *sabi*, both of which mean "poverty," "simplification," "aloneness." A tranquil mind is needed to appreciate poverty, to accept whatever is given. This is not just a question of passively accepting one's fate. There is an active principle of aesthetics involved: in the tea ceremony the host must create an environment that awakens the feeling of *wabi* or *sabi*. *Sabi* is more objective and applies more to the individual objects and the environment, according to Suzuki, while *wabi* is more often used to describe a way of life associated with austerity, poverty, and simplicity. One speaks of *wabi-zumai* — "the *wabi* way of living" — but a tea caddy or bowl would be praised for having a "*sabi* taste," never a "*wabi* taste."

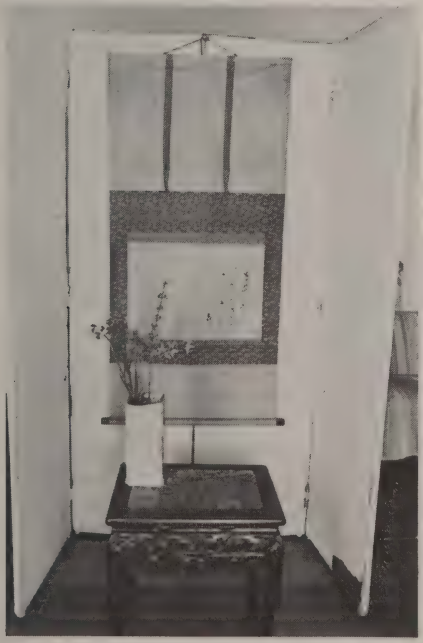
Suzuki illustrates the idea of *wabi* by telling of Shuko, tea master to Asikaga Yoshimasa (1435-1490), who used to teach his pupils about the spirit of tea with the following story: "A Chinese poet happened to compose this couplet: 'In the woods over there deeply buried in the snow,/ Last night a few branches of the plum tree burst out in bloom.' He showed the couplet to his friend, who suggested he alter 'a few branches' to 'one branch.' A solitary branch of the plum tree in bloom among the snow-covered woods — here is the idea of *wabi*."

A fine steed tied in a straw-roofed shed. A rare object of art in an ordinary room. A monk's tattered robe filled by a cool and refreshing breeze. All these are *sabi* — also very Zen. To all outward appearances, nothing special. But inside . . . . This is the idea of *wabi*. The tea ceremony tries to give artistic expression to it.

All this, it should be added, must reflect absolute genuineness and sincerity. If the effect is contrived, or forced, or rings false in any way, there is no *wabi*. The outward appearance of *wabi* must mirror the inner spirit of the host. If a rich man finds it hard to get to heaven, he would find it equally difficult to become a tea master in the *wabi* tradition, for *wabi* means "insufficiency of things," "inability to fulfill every desire." Those who lead a life of *wabi* seek not to lay up treasure on earth. They are free from greed, anger, folly. *Wabi*, then, is spirituality fused with aestheticism — the aestheticism —



Four simple ways of arranging a place in your home for the tea ceremony.



the aesthetic appreciation of absolute poverty, of *sunyata*, or emptiness. In this void, duality is transcended. There is no subject and object, no good and evil, no beautiful and ugly.

Commenting on the concept of poverty, Suzuki quotes Meister Eckhart's sermon referring to one who is "godly poor, for God can find no place to work in." "This man is object-free in time and in eternity. . . There are two objects: one is otherness, the other is a man's own proper self." The kind of man who is free of objects is an "abodeless man" living in emptiness. "True poverty of spirit requires that man shall be emptied of God and all his works, so that if God wants to act in the soul, he himself must be the place in which he acts."

It is out of this absolute poverty cherished by Meister Eckhart that we also have poverty of fear. It is indeed out of the emptiness where there is no place not only for God's creatures but for God himself — because the emptiness is God and God is the emptiness — in other words, out of nowhereness and no-time-ness that the masters of Zen sip their tea . . . . The teaman sitting alone in his tearoom is the one Secchō depicts as "Standing by himself between heaven and earth / Facing infinitude of beings" (compare Buddha's "Heavens above, heavens below, I alone am the most honored one").

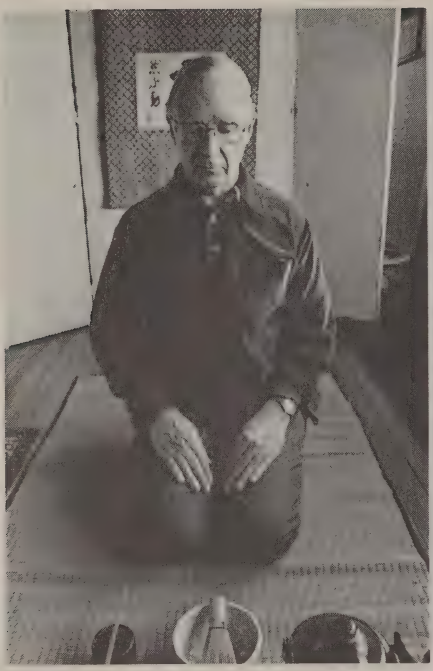
"Who would then deny," Suzuki says, "that when I am sipping tea in my tearoom I am swallowing the whole universe with it and that this very moment of my lifting the bowl to my lips is eternity itself transcending time and space?"

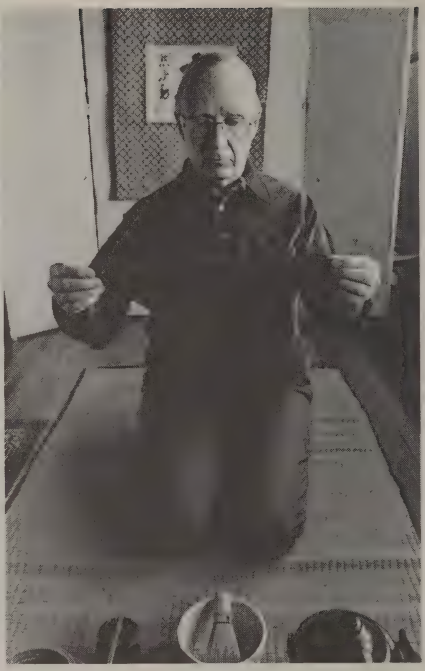
Given this very Zen orientation, one could expect that the *chanoyu* attitude toward time would be that we are always in the "eternal now." The past no longer exists. The future does not yet exist. Both are comprehended in this moment. This "now" has in it all future possibilities, and it is in this moment-by-moment experience of "now" that we may experience eternity and perhaps enlightenment ("Quick now, here, now, always — / A condition of complete simplicity / Costing not less than everything" — *Little Gidding* by T.S. Eliot).

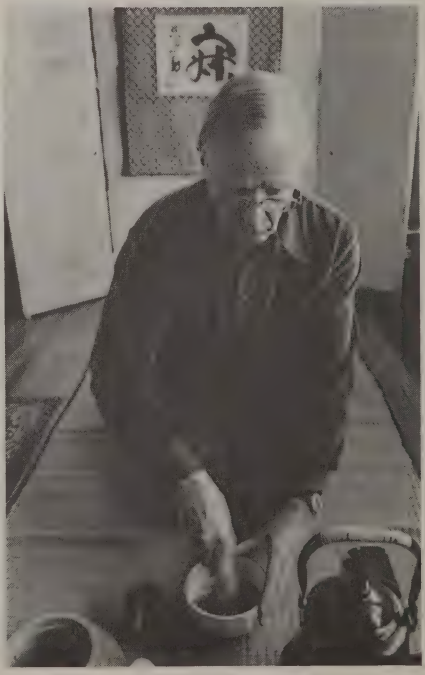
There follows from this the concept of *ichi-go, ichi-e* ("one time-one meeting"). However many times we may meet the same host or guest, we will never return to this same meeting. Each ceremony is an absolutely unique, once-in-a-lifetime event, and is to be prepared for and experienced as such.

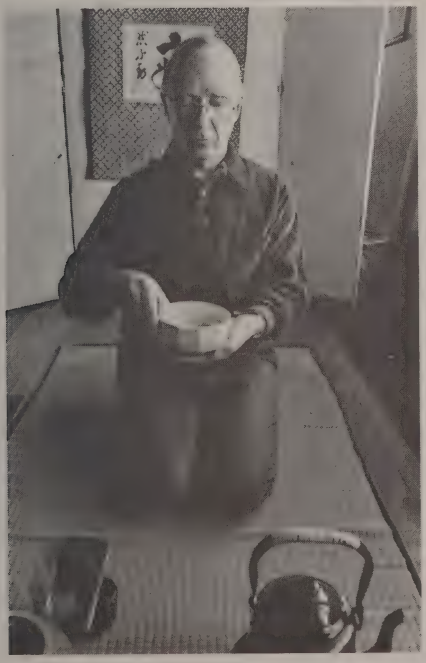
Time, far from being an abstraction, is a concrete continuum which possesses qualities capable of manifesting themselves. Whatever is born or done at this particular moment in time has the special and unique quality of this one moment in time. As C.G. Jung points out, here we have the basic formula for the use of the *I Ching*: "The hexagram that characterizes the moment of time, and give us insight into it, is obtained by . . . throwing the yarrow stalks . . . the fall of which depends on pure chance. The stalks fall into the pattern of the moment. The hidden qualities of the moment become legible in the hexagram." Perhaps if the ego, like the samurai's sword, is left outside the *nijiri quchi,* one may also taste the unique quality of the moment in the flavor of the tea.

Esthetically satisfying utensils and presentations of delicacies are an important part of the tea ceremony. On the next two pages, author Paul Walsh is shown preparing tea for ceremony and finally serving it to guest.









DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882) & THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

by JOHN S.D. GLAUS

IT happened many years ago, as the day was drooping on a fine summer's evening in 1848. Pisa was magnificent as the crepuscular, tinted sky cast its long shadows on three men who stood admiring the frescoes in the Campo Santo. It was not by fortuitous circumstance, but rather by fate propelled by a single man which brought the group together. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, though young in years but dominating by his aspirations, was to become one of the major creative influences in English art of the mid-19th century. Through powers difficult to define, he mastered his fate with arrogant impunity and ensconced himself in a world of his own creation and declared himself, during an age, "when the curtains were very thick and the women were very pure," to be a prophet of love and the guiding light of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood sprang from the friendship between Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, older brother of Christina Rossetti. Although started as a lark, it was kept going by some, "unacknowledged need to hold fast the unrelenting minute, to bank up the fires of mutual admiration against a colder world outside." The original three had bonded together as a result of their mutual scorn for the established standards of excellence, and poured derision over the idols of the Academicians. They considered Raphael and his Bolognese followers overrated. No extenuating circumstances could be found for the first President of the Royal Academy, even Sir Joshua Reynolds was considered to be "slosh." Inspiration, they believed, must be sought outside of conventional and established circles, and professed a greater affinity for the sincerity of Giotto and the cheerful sweetness of Gozzoli, both precursors of Raphael.

But it is to Dante Gabriel that we must cast our glance, for Dante Gabriel was an accumulation of creative force, a source of poetic and artistic endeavor. He was constantly in search of inspiration dictated by the mystical forces inherent in medievalism from which he created a personal iconography. His pictorial style may be said to lack precision, but was nonetheless sensuous as can be noted in the accompanying painting, *La Pia de' Tolomei.* The painting is a direct statement of the PRB's philosophy — an apotheosis of the idealized female form which is so commonly associated with Dante Gabriel's type of beauty.

How transparent and porous history has been to defame this group, as they were by their contemporaries. If our love for Byron is sacrosanct, our debt to Rossetti should be no less.

Dante Gabriel was kept from popular acclaim and his just deserts by the

La Pia de' Tolomei: Painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

reticence and critics of that age. Shadowed by the mysteries and haunting music of his poetry, and hidden beneath the luxuriant beauty of his richly colored paintings, was a torrent of spiritual philosophy. But what sort of philosophy was this? Did it purport to mean anything? Indeed it does, for Rossetti was very much a kindred spirit to William Blake (see Blake: Paragon or Pariah? February 1982). Rossetti stands as the standard-bearer of a cult, one whose beginnings are tapped in the roots of a deeper antiquity, one which the provincial and salubrious Victorians could not comprehend. That cult — that religion — is the philosophy of Love.

Rossetti achieved the synthesis of his feelings and the visual representation of his art when he first felt, "the extreme longing after a visible embodiment of my thoughts . . . until I would feel faint in sunsets and at the sight of stately persons." As a result of this sensitivity, Dante Gabriel became the catalyst and the chief motivator whose supreme desire — which manifested itself through the PRB — was to capture the complement of man's soul: one woman — its intended affinity. To attain this end, it was of primordial importance to relinquish all holds on what the Brotherhood considered, "the inflated forms and sentiments inherent in Raphael's art," and seek to paint the souls of women, and by doing so portray each his own soul in the pensive countenance of his beloved.

A Fragment from the Gloss of St. Teresa

Vivo sen vivir en mi
Y tan alta vida espero
Que muero, porque no muero.
— St Teresa of Avila (1515-1582)

Bernini sculpture of Saint Teresa

Just Thou And I, O Lord!

by SISTER M. FLORENCE TUMASZ, C.S.F.N.

No! Not death, but life itself, I fear,
For such new worlds now linger in my sight
That this our earth is but a graveyard grim . . .
And life is death — because I cannot die.

To die or else to suffer one with Thee,
To suffer without end or moment's stay,
For Thou and I must be one entity,
Be it in heaven's bright or in hell's black day.
Send me, then, suffering as Thy gift from heaven;
The greater woe, the better life shall be;
A life of calm I dread without pain's leaven,
A life of peace and of security . . .
And life is death — because I cannot die.

To all my suffering but one answer, Death!
There lies my comfort, there my consolation.
But I must not seek it with impunity.
Unhappiness is mine and weariness;
The road to joy Thou has closed before me . . .
And life is death — because I cannot die!

Sometimes I see Thee in a vision bright
But brief the moment and art gone again.
Thy Godhead fades away, Thy humanness.
My desolation is worse than before.
For one moment only I was infinite;
None could distinguish between God and man;
Thou, God, Who for me hast become so small,
And I who grew to be the God of all.
Thou hast interred Thyself as in a grave;
To thee the ocean of my heart I gave.
Thy instant grace has wrought the miracle:
God the Creator — such was His design —
Unto His creature came. In his nothingness,
The creature dared assume God's nature divine.

Just Thou And I, O Lord!

And it was with me as at a funeral,
Bodyless on earth, and bodyless in heaven,
With Thee and near Thee ever and forever.
Upon Thy face I gazed without my eyes;
Thy voice I heard but without my ears.
All things I saw and all things I did hear,
With the spirit only, not with senses live!
And yet, O Lord, Thou did shine before me
As the sun of suns in Thy humanity.
I was enveloped in darkness eternal,
Which dissipated neath Thy countenance,
Though bodyless, more visible than flesh;
And every word uttered by Thy lips
Was sound delighting all my inner soul,
Soundless yet sounding in eternal song.
And I was with Thee, gazing on Thy face
Not hid within the holiest of breads,
Not covered by the white transparency,
But all alive amid angelic choirs
Where with Thy saints reignest Thou forever.
Such wert Thou, Lord, in my heart's possession;
More than the Saints I contemplated Thee,
Far more than they I adored Thee, Lord,
With love more ardent, more fervent than theirs.
Within Thy heaven refuge gavest me.
Where is my dwelling? Who guards and protects me?
By Thee abandoned, in despair I wallow.
But pain, despair — all, all is valueless.
The more I yearn, the more intense my love.
The deeper woe, the brighter burn the flames
In love's own fiery hell, love's hell divine
Wherein Thy dearest presence causes pain,
For Thou art here and soon art gone again.
And ages trod . . . before Thou dost return.
Without my God and yet mindful of Him,
Silent in death, I lie beneath the slab
Of stubbornness, implacability.

Grief has destroyed the marrow of my bones.
Great my desires; my love greater still,
Love and desire blend in futility.
Into one desire, transformed is my being,
And yet, O Lord, Thy will I cannot change.
The Lord Immortal will not come again.
Despite Thy warning and Thy admonition,
My life is death — because I cannot die.

And dost Thou think, O Thou eternally living,
That I do love Thee for some future need,
For promised banquets in Thy regal mansions,
For palms and harps or for some wondrous deed
In compensation for the loss of life?
O, I do love Thee for Thou wert so wretched,
For Thou has suffered the world's woes combined,
For Thou has borne all hatred, degradation,
Thou, God, in chains of carnal servitude,
Thou, God, by humans led to Calvary's rood!
O, I do love Thee forlorn and betrayed,
By Heaven and by earth left desolate.
O, I do love Thee compelled to cry out:
"Father, my Father, Thou forsakest me!"
O, I do love Thee for Thy agony,
More for Good Friday than for Easter morn
When of my services, O My Risen Lord,
Thy power and Thy glory had no need,
For now the whole round earth services Thee;
Even at Thy coming, stricken, stays its laws.

But when Thou diest then my spirit quickens,
As if returning to lands known before
And as if elsewhere I beheld that Mount,
Elsewhere that cross empurpled by Thy Blood
And as if Magdalen afire for Thee,
The Magdalen there moaning, is but I.
And in my bosom her own heart is weeping,

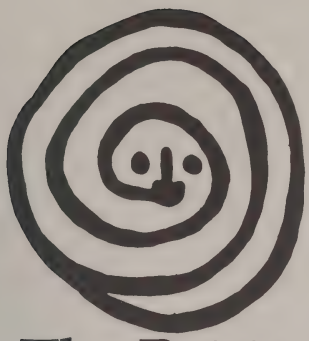
Just Thou And I, O Lord!

Her tears now startled glisten in my eyes,
And my despair is deep, so dark and deep,
That of like nature two just cannot be.

But no, she did not love Thee more than I!
Her greater actions merit more with Thee;
A puny creature I, a titan she,
But she did not love Thee more than I.
How shall it be, O Lord and Master mine?
How to divide this love between two hearts?
A Solomon must here in judgment come
To cleave in two the love that is as one!

No, she did not love Thee more than I!
One, one time only, there on Golgotha
Bathed in blood and tears she groaning lay,
But for me, night after dreary night,
Drawn is the veil of ages and I see
Hanging all powerless on Calvary,
God, the All-powerful, the Omnipotent.
The sun in awe and in embarrassment
Covers its face; the earth is filled with rue
And when the light of dawn ensues
I look upon Thee hanging on Thy cross,
Thy body glistening in the early light
While all around Thee is darkness and night.

Just Thou and I, O Lord, we two alone,
So near in spirit yet so far apart;
Here now I kneel beneath Thy Holy Feet,
Beneath Thy cross pendant mid earth and sky
To pliant cedar wood fastened with nails.
In awesome silence kneel I, quivering,
Under the tortures inflicted on Thee,
My temples throbbing neath Thy crown of thorns,
The nails in Thy palms riveting my own,
The wound in Thy side all-smarting in mine,
And though but here below so one with Thee
That now we hang together, Lord, on Calvary!



The Raising of Consciousness

by ERNEST FREDERICK PECCI

The raising of consciousness is the ultimate goal of man, and the ability to do this infinitely is his birthright. Let all activities be seen from the point of view of total consciousness, whether it be an opening up or a closing off. Consciousness expanding is the only worthwhile goal. There is no ego in this. It is a divine selfishness, the fulfilling of a divine desire, and must be sought after as avidly as a man who is held against his will under water seeks air. Those who are fearful, lest this raise also the ego, are not understanding of the process and are feeding the ego by their entanglement with it.

Each level of consciousness is a new dimension which cannot be understood or comprehended by the level below. God is progressively known at higher and higher levels of Truth, Beauty, and Love which there is no way of describing. See how the preoccupation with self and petty concerns limits consciousness. The expansion of consciousness can only take place in the eternal Now, and the process must be constant to be effective. Thus, preoccupation with the past and worry about the future can stop or reverse the process. The ego would keep you underwater, preoccupied with the fish and trying to compete with them. Wherever you are, be ever thirsting for the higher level with all of your heart and mind.

— MEDITATIVE INSIGHTS

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On following pages: THE WORLD OF CHILDHOOD, photo by Amy Stromsten

Pilgrimage to MEHERABAD

by WILLIAM M. STEPHENS

with photographs by William and Roger Stephens

Meher Baba's tomb, shown above and at right, was built according to his specifications. The symbols atop tomb represent some of the major religions.

WHEN, during the sixties, I first heard of Avatar Meher Baba, I felt strangely drawn to him. All I knew about him was that he lived in India, had been silent for more than forty years, and claimed to be God.

At that time I was a forty-year-old editor of an international scientific journal. For as long as I could remember I had been a devout agnostic. I had never seen a photograph of Meher Baba, nor read a word he had written. I had no idea what the word *avatar* meant.

As soon as I accepted him, I found I also loved and accepted Jesus. They

are one in consciousness, both manifestations of the same universal spirit. Baba said, "I was Krishna, I was Ram. I was Zoroaster and Buddha, I was Jesus. I was this one and that one, and now I am Meher Baba."

By the time I knew who he was, he had completed his work and passed on. But the contact had been made, the link established. That link, I am convinced, will draw me to him when he comes back, as the God-man always does. You don't choose your Master. He chooses you. Whether you follow Jesus or Baba depends upon your own experiences in past lives.

For years my wife Peggy and I loved Meher Baba without feeling any urge to travel halfway around the world to pay our respects to a marble slab in a concrete tomb on a barren hilltop. But then Baba called, and we went. After traveling in Europe and the East for several months, our son Roger, then twenty, was already in Meherabad. He had no reason to expect us to join him, and our arrival there would surprise him no less than it amazed us.

We flew, in late December, from Miami to London to Dubai to Bombay. On the streets of Bombay, we experienced severe culture shock. Stepping over sleeping bodies on the sidewalk, being accosted by big-eyed children with deformed arms and by pathetic mothers holding babies, we knew we were in India. Where the suffering is greatest, the longing for God is strongest.

Next came a wild taxi-ride of a hundred miles through the plains and over the mountains to Poona. Four passengers and their luggage on a tiny Fiat driven by a madman. Cost: twenty rupees (about four dollars) each.

Here are excerpts from my journal:

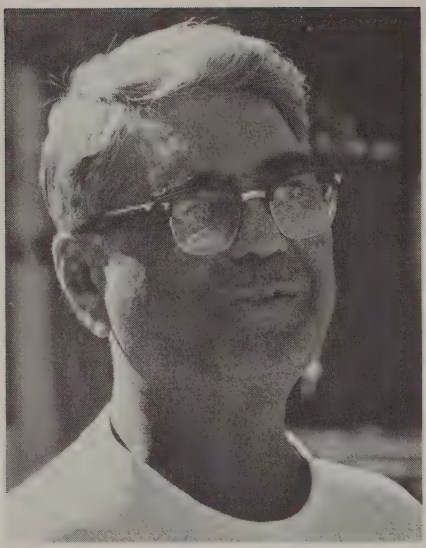
December 23: We reached Poona, totally exhausted, and checked into the Amir Hotel. A few minutes later, Baba's brother Jal came tapping at our door, eager to take us out to dinner. Jal is a sweet, loving man. He wanted to show us where Baba was born, where he grew up, the schools he went to, the neem tree under which the female *sadguru*, Hazrat Babajan, kissed him on the forehead, thus lifting the veil of his consciousness, and the giant mango tree by the river where he and Babajan sat together in later years. We reluctantly decided to postpone seeing these special places, since a group of twenty-nine Sufis from California arrived in a chartered bus bound for Meherabad and had two empty seats, so we seized this opportunity to complete the trip in comfort with friends.

December 24: The last six miles, from Ahmednagar to Meherabad, seemed endless. I wondered how often Meher Baba had walked that dusty road along the row of weeping figs. His eyes had seen the same fields of waving millet, the same flat-topped hills, the same banyan under which a robber used to hide and waylay travelers until Baba called him and he fell at the avatar's feet. We passed bullock carts, graceful women in saris carrying brass pitchers on their heads, bicyclists in *dhotis*, motorized rickshaws, buffaloes driven down the road by a tiny boy with a stick.

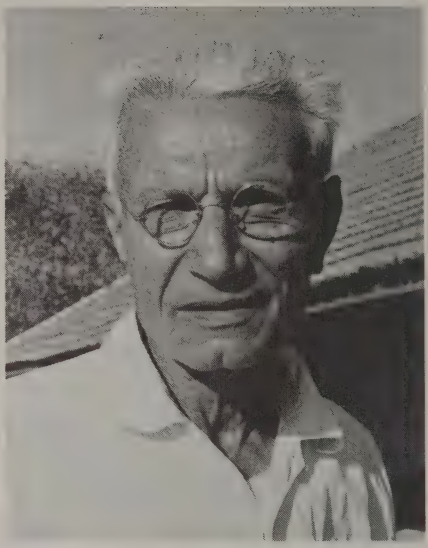
. . . Finally, Lower Meherabad: a cluster of patients waiting outside the Meher Free Dispensary, the big neem tree where Baba used to sit. A quarter-

In studio in Ahmednagar, the artist Panday works on portrait of Baba.

Meher Baba's younger sister, Mani Irani, chats with visitors from America.



Eruch Jessawala, one of Baba's closest mandali, *has spent life serving Baba.*



Padri, another early disciple, joined Baba in 1921, is engineer and physician.

mile further, in Arangaon Village, a group of villagers stood by an ancient gray mosque. They smiled at us and called, "Jai Baba!" We turned onto the road to Upper Meherabad. Atop the hill, Baba's tomb reflected the sunlight. Happy tears filled my eyes. We passed a sign reading BABA'S SAMADHI — WAY UP, with an arrow pointing ahead, and my laughter only increased the tears. Peggy said, "I wonder where we'll see Roger."

The bus pulled up and parked. Seated on the edge of a concrete platform a hundred feet from the tomb was Roger. He was doing an acrylic painting of the tomb. I stuck my head out a window and shouted, "Jai Baba, Roger!" Jumping up and running toward us, he yelled, "Mansari!" We learned later that he had just been telling Mansari, who takes care of the tomb, how much he missed us and that this would be his first Christmas away from home.

Christmas Day: A memorable experience, riding bikes at dawn down the road to Meherabad . . .the smell and glow of wood fires, people carrying firewood or water on their heads, dark figures passing like shadows against a golden backdrop of early morning.

While we walked up the hill, the crimson sun arose over the distant hills. A crowd was at the tomb for morning *arti* (devotionals) — prayers and songs in Gujerati, Marthi, and English, people from many lands and faiths. The silence and presence within the tomb were too intense to describe. Leaving the tomb, each person received *prasad* — in this case, a very sweet Indian candy — from Mansari.

The "God-intoxicated soul" named Mohammed, who has been with Baba now for forty years, fasts and often (as above) stares motionless at the ground.

After breakfast we left for Meherezad, the other center for Baba's work, about fifteen miles away. It is a peaceful place. We relaxed on a long verandah, while Mani, Baba's sister, Eruch Bhau, and Aloba tell stories about Baba. All the *mandali* (close disciples) are warm and open individuals. Many of them are Parsis. Others are Moslems, Christians, Hindus. None of them knew Peggy and I were coming, but they greeted us by name and embraced us. I feel as if I have come home. Everyone who goes to Meherezad gets the same treatment. If Meher Baba can produce people like these . . . How fortunate we are to know the close ones — men like Adi, Padri, and Pendu, the last remaining disciples from the original group that gathered around Baba in 1921. To think that these men knew Baba before he began his silence! Adi told us Baba had the most beautiful voice he ever heard and was always singing and playing the *tabla.*

December 26: We had a special program of Qawali singers and Indian dancers, also a Christmas play done by the California Sufis. The most moving performance I ever saw was a dance in pantomime, representing the spiritual journey to God, performed by a lovely Hindu woman who once danced for Baba.

December 27: Outside the tomb today I met Kaikobad, who is eighty-three and repeats Baba's name 100,000 times a day. I felt great power coming

from him. Often he is in a high state of consciousness in which he sees nothing but Baba everywhere and in everything.

Tiny Mansari (4'6") served us tea in a primitive kitchen on Meherezad Hill. She told us about the time Baba gave her a big stick to protect herself with when he left on his wanderings in 1949. One night, she awoke to find a cobra on her chest. She threw it off, lit a lamp, found the stick, and killed the cobra. Then she saw that Baba had materialized in the room and was watching her with a serious expression. She crawled back into bed, but could not sleep, since she preferred to feast her eyes on her vision of Baba, which remained vivid and lifelike until dawn.

December 28: This afternoon we visited Panday's studio. Panday took most of the photographs of Baba. He does marvelous oil-tintings of black-and-white photographs. (Color film, though available, is exorbitantly costly in India, color prints prohibitive.) Panday is also an accomplished artist and has finished a tremendous painting to be exhibited during *Amartithi* (January 31, the anniversary of the day Baba dropped his body). I wish we could stay for it. Thousands of people come from all over the world. They say it's an incredible love-feast, with singing and dancing, a celebration of joy in the love of "one who never dies."

December 31: Peggy gave Mohammed, the *mast* (pronounced "must"), a box of raisins. He was delighted. Mohammed is in a good mood. Recently, according to Padri, Mohammed went eighteen days without eating, drinking water, or going to the bathroom. Meher Baba worked longer with him — he's a fifth-plane saint — than with any of the other "God-intoxicated souls." Baba said that after two more lifetimes, Mohammed will be a *sadguru* (perfect master).

January 4: Mehera showed Peggy the tree outside her window on which Baba's face appeared shortly after he dropped his body. The image is still very distinct.

Mehera told us a story that Baba used to tell about a goods train. All the cars that hang on go with the engine to the goal, it doesn't matter if the cars are hauling gold or scrap-iron, if they hang on, they get there. Baba's point, of course, is that we should hang onto his *damaan* — the hem of his *sadra*.

January 5: We climbed the hill and had tea with Mansari and Dolly Dastur, who has been with Baba all her life. Evening *arti* was beautiful, and I felt Baba more strongly in the tomb than at any other time. He sent a current of divine love through me that virtually paralyzed me. I wanted it to never end.

January 7: Left Ahmednagar. As our train passed through Meherabad, the tomb and the tower were visible for about fifteen minutes.

For further information about Meher Baba, write to: Meher Spiritual Center, P.O. Box 487, Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29577

Pandu, another of the original 12 disciples, began serving Master in 1921.

BUDER WATCH COMPANY
MEHERAZAD
VISITORS
PLEASE LEAVE
BY 6 P.M.

PATER

A Story by JIM PANOS

FATHER VRIONIS was a priest of the Greek Orthodox Church. Father Gregorios Vrionis — straight out of Byzantium.

There was nothing watered-down about his priesthood — no turned-down collar and clerical grey and bare face for him. He wore his hair long, combed into a tidy, lemon-sized bun at the nap of his neck and crowned by his black *calimafche,* the Lincolnesque headgear worn by his ancestors since the founding of his church. His face was hardly visible for all the hair; arching, bushy eyebrows, a wealth of greying beard that started as the outgrowth of his sideburns and wound up a breastplate to his portly middle. He stood a natural six feet from the ground. Swathed in flowing black robes of rustling sharkskin, he cut a formidable figure. He was religion incarnate. He was faith itself. To a little boy like me, he was God.

And he had eyes — eyes like charcoal briquettes, black and set in their sockets, cushioned in the forest of his eyebrows and beard and ready to flare like the fires of hell at the slightest infringement of a commandment. When he held you with those eyes, you had no choice but to submit to their soul-stripping power: you had to confess, you had to repent. Otherwise, lightening would flash from those eyes and strike you dead if you hadn't done your homework for Greek school or if you spoke English in his class.

He also had ears.

"Demetrios!" he roared.

He had been talking to a higher grade of students at the front of the classroom while our grade was busy copying Greek texts. I whispered something to my seatmate — just whispered.

"Pater?" I said, jumping to attention.

He strode down the aisle like a tornado.

"Did I hear you talking to Stellios in the English?" he demanded, the eyes flickered.

"Yes, Pater," I said, my inclination to lie failed me.

The fire in his eyes disappeared.

"Shame Demetrios," he said in a kindlier tone. "You come here to learn the beautiful, the glorious Greek, and you speak an alien tongue." He shook his head reproachfully, never taking his eyes off me.

That was all. He turned and rustled to the front of the room. I sank to my desk, crushed.

They don't make priests like Father Vrionis anymore. Of course that was many years ago, almost half a century ago, when I was growing up as the young son of immigrant parents in America. Things are different today. Greek Orthodox priests look and act like their Protestant and Catholic counterparts. They call themselves Father John, Father George, Father William, and wear tailored black suits and clerical collars. If I were a boy today, there is

not one among them I might mistake for God. Furthermore, Father Vrionis was the first priest of the church of St Gregorios. It was my first church, too. I was baptized there. I served as an altarboy. I went to Greek school there. To me, then, the church of St Gregorios was the only church, and Father Vrionis its patron saint.

An aura of sainthood descended upon the person of Father Vrionis each Sunday morning as he conducted the liturgy. Standing in the Holy Gate, resplendent in glittering gold vestments and crown, he seemed yet another sacred figure in the line of four ikons that flanked him to form the partition between the nave of the church and the Holy Sanctum behind it. To his right was a life-size painting of Jesus Christ, praying at Gethsemane on the eve of his crucifixion, and one of the Virgin Mary receiving the Holy Spirit from a radiant white dove hovering high in the heavens. To his left stood the patron saint, his namesake, Saint Gregorios, in full panoply, and beyond him a magnificent ikon of mine, St Demetrios, which always made me proud to bear his name. Father Vrionis, even in the midst of such divine company, fairly shone.

As an altarboy, I was privy to the innermost aspects of his priesthood. I was witness when, behind closed doors in the Holy Sanctum, he knelt and prayed in silence; when he invoked the Lord's blessing in secret, mumbled tones, crossing himself profusely with broad sweeps of his right arm; when he offered incense from his silver burner at the four sides of the altar; when, especially, he transformed the bread and wine in the gold chalice into the body and blood of Christ.

I felt I was part of the mystery of religion when, in the company of the other altarboys, I followed Father Vrionis bearing the chalice to his flock for Communion. I would stand beside him with bowed head, holding a candle often larger than myself, as the faithful came forward to receive. They would take hold of a corner of the scarlet cloth under the gold chalice and place it like a napkin to their chins and prompt him with their Christian names: Alexandra . . . Eleftherios . . . Eleni . . . He would then intone: "The servant of God, Eleni, receives Communion in the name of the Father, the Son and Holy Spirit" and deposit a morsel of sacrament carefully into their waiting mouths with a gold spoon. At such moments, I should not have been surprised to see a halo shimmering gloriously above his head.

The good Father tended his flocks with singular devotion. He made it his unfailing duty to call on his parishioners at home from time to time, especially on occasions important to them. He visited us without fail on my nameday, the holiday of St Demetrios, each October 26th. He would take the five flights of stairs to our walk-up railroad apartment in a paced, determined stride, and march into our house, his black robes swishing through the narrow hall, my mother bowing and scraping in his wake.

"Many years, Demetrios!" he would cry, placing his hand on my head and reciting a fast prayer under his breath. Dutifully, I would kiss his proffered right hand.

In honor of the occasion, we would sit in our rarely used parlor. He inquired after the health and

welfare of each of us and made small talk until my mother brought out the ceremonial tray. It always held the same items: a glass of cold water, already poured, for each person present; a deep dish of homemade preserves — quince, sour cherries, watermelon rind or vanillin; enough teaspoons to go round; and rye whiskey in crystal glasses, like the water, already poured, for the adults. She would start with Father Vrionis, who would help himself to some preserve, wash it down with a glass of water, deposit his used spoon in his discarded glass and exclaim his satisfaction. Then, at my mother's insistence, he would take a glass of whiskey, wish me, "And next year!" and toss it off.

Then he would rise to leave, adjusting his *calimafche*, making a colossus of himself in our tiny parlor. My mother would take his right hand to kiss in farewell and press a coin or two into his palm as she bent over it. Unaccountably, I would cringe at the sight of the holy man accepting a tip like — like my father, who was a waiter.

The custom of tipping priests persists to this day, despite the fact that, in these far more affluent times, priests command respectable salaries. The custom still jars me. To my way of thinking, religion and money don't mix. Did not Jesus chase the moneychangers from the temple? When I must tip a priest, at baptisms, weddings or funerals, I conceal the bills — no longer coins — in an envelope, seal it, hand it to him surreptitiously, and beat a hasty retreat.

Growing up during those years when Father Vrionis held sway was a special thing. I was the first in my family to be born in America. That in itself was special. In a sense, I became the roots of my parents in their adopted land. And yet they were determined that I and, later, my two brothers should maintain our national ties to their native Greece at all costs. There were two hard and fast rules in our house: church every Sunday morning and Greek school every weekday afternoon.

Greek school came at the end of the normal school day, when the other boys in the neighborhood had a couple of hours to play in the streets. We were, then, an oddity as we made our way to the church with our Greek books in hand. We were taunted and jeered mercilessly. Shouts of "Greaseballs, Greaseballs!" shadowed our every step. We were forced to respond in kind, "Dago! Nigger! Jewboy!" At times there were pitched battles in the streets. We would arrive in the basement of the church dishevelled, knickers sagging, caps askew, panting and sweating — and then have to deal with Father Vrionis.

Fortunately, his displeasure was tempered with lenience when he heard that our disreputable appearance was the result of the defense of Greek honor. For he was fiercely Greek. He spent as much of our valuable time inculcating the glory of our heritage as the rudiments of the language. "Never forget, my children," he would bellow, "never forget that the Greeks gave the light of civilization to the whole world. You come from a noble race — the race of Homer and Plato and Karaiskasis and Constan-

PATER

(continued)

tine the Great! You must be proud of your Greek heritage." He went on and on, brimming with patriotism, assuaging the injury of our pride, transforming our shame into a feeling of nobility and grandeur. His dedication to Greece was second only to his dedication to God.

Inevitably, we lost Father Vrionis. He was summoned to assist the Patriarch in Constantinople. It was a shock to our community. When he introduced his replacement — a puny little priest with pop eyes and a thin goatee — during his last service at St Gregorios, grown men wept. When he said goodbye at his last class in Greek school, his eyes brimmed with tears, and so did ours. We filed silently past him to kiss his right hand for the last time.

It was then that he took me aside.

"Demetrios," he said, "I need a good helper when the other boys leave. Do you want to stay and help me?"

"Oh, yes, Pater," I said eagerly.

When the others had gone, we went upstairs to the church office. It was a dingy cubbyhole off the entrance, housing a couple of steel filing cabinets, a large table that served as the secretary's desk, and a huge iron safe on wheels that made the floor sag under it. Father Vrionis crouched at the safe and manipulated the combination with professional skill. The door swung open easily. He reached inside and removed a bulging brown bag. It was so heavy that he had to use both hands and strain to lift it out. Then he closed and locked the safe and led me into the church.

We sat on the first bench on the right, facing the ikons of saints Gregorios and Demetrios. Father Vrionis rested the bag with a thud between us on the bench and cast a furtive glance about the empty church. It was late afternoon. The light from the high windows filtered through and cast a hazy dullness. Some candles burning by the Holy Gate gave off a timid yellow glow. Father Vrionis unlocked the bag with a small key and opened it.

It was full of money: coins, hundreds of coins — pennies, nickels, half-dollars, quarters, dimes. Instantly I recalled my mother, pressing a tip into his right hand. Unaccountably, I cringed.

Father Vrionis turned the bag upside down and emptied the coins carefully on the bench. He lowered the empty bag to the floor and contemplated his treasure. A small smile played on his lips.

"My dear Demetrios," he said. "These monies are the reward of many years' work in this alien land." He paused to glance lovingly at his treasure again. "Now that I leave, we must sort and count them carefully and wrap them in these papers," he went on, taking a supply of coin wrappers from a pocket in the folds of his tunic, "and exchange them at the bank for dollars to take with me to Constantinople."

"Yes, Pater," I said.

We set to our task. We sorted,

counted and arranged the coins in stacks of forty nickels, forty quarters and twenty half-dollars. His hands were working near mine, dwarfing them. They had short white hairs on the backs and in the spaces between the knuckles. Tiny drops of perspiration glistened like a fine dew among the hairs. And then I noticed that his hands had started to tremble.

Startled, I looked up into his face. It was bathed in perspiration. Large beads of sweat formed on his high forehead at the line of his hair and trickled down his face to water the roots of his beard and vanish down the walls of his neck. His eyes were ablaze.

"Pater . . ." I started.

He fairly jumped. His busy, trembling hands jerked out of control, upsetting several stacks of coins. They fell like dominoes. They rolled away in every direction all over the floor.

"Demetrios!" Father Vrionis cried, springing to his feet.

"Quick! kneel — kneel! We must find every coin!"

I dropped obediently to my hands and knees and started to pick up coins. Father Vrionis did likewise. On all fours in his loose black robes, he looked like a grotesque, predatory animal. We worked on our hands and knees, crawling under the benches, up near the ikons, in dark corners, at the very threshold of the Holy Gate, under the ever watchful eyes of the saints, until every coin had been retrieved.

"The God was with us," he said at length. "I think we found all of the monies."

We sat on the bench and resumed our work. As time passed and more and more coins were counted, wrapped and stacked in the bag, Father Vrionis became more and more nervous, more and more agitated. He perspired more. His hands trembled more. His breath became labored and loud. His whole frame shook.

Then we were through. Father Vrionis put the last of the money into the bag, closed and locked it. A quarter and a dime, left over from the count, caught the fading light of day on the empty bench. He picked them up absently and made as if to put them away, when suddenly he became aware of my presence. He smiled. The task done, he relaxed visibly.

"You were such a good helper, Demetraki," he said affectionately in his familiar, kindly voice, "that I am giving you these."

He handed me the quarter and the dime. I took them mechanically.

"And I thank you very much," he said. "Go with the blessing of the God."

He extended his right hand. I took it and placed it to my lips and tasted the salt on the damp, white hairs. I turned and hurried out of the church.

I rushed into the fresh, cold air of the evening. I took a deep, deep breath. I walked to the corner. I stopped for a red light. I was still holding the quarter and the dime. In the glow of the traffic light, they were red. I felt them burning my hand. I threw them away — I threw them away as hard as I could.

The light turned green. I bolted across the street. I burst into a wild, mad run. I ran and ran and, unaccountably, I cried — I cried . . .

HOMECOMING

by EMALENE SHERMAN SHEPHERD

Reaching up to capture a single crimson
rose from its trellis, I hear
your whistle, Dad, that special
lilting sound that only you and
I knew meant "Come home."

In childhood, many times at dusk I heard it,
our secret signal for my leaving
friends
marbles
books
swings
hopscotch
jumping rope
for
you
warmth
love
laughter
a hot meal
sleep . . .

But now I feel no urgency to hurry anywhere.
"Just a little while longer," I plead
like a child putting off bedtime.
The sound follows me into the house,
where I play "Rock of Ages" on the piano.

From a long way off, I hear you whistling
your favorite hymn, and I know you will
be there, waiting on the porch, peering
into the gathering darkness with arms
outstretched when . . . at last . . . I come home.

The Planetary Initiative for The World We Choose

An interview with Gordon Feller

by ANGELO JOHN LEWIS

"We can't afford now to retreat to the ashram, the cave, or the monastery"

One of the signs of the times is the increasing willingness of those who were previously entrenched in self-directed spiritual pursuits — partisans of the so-called "me-decade" of the 1970's — to get involved in group processes. The necessity of group process is the primary concern of The Planetary Initiative For The World We Choose, a program of worldwide local discussions and activities which will build up to a Planetary Congress to be held in Toronto in the summer of 1983. The interview which follows is with Gordon Feller, executive director of the Initiative:

FIP: What was the motivation for the formation of the Initiative?

Feller: We launched the Initiative at Stony Point, N.Y., in 1981, because we shared a commitment to build an alternative to the image of the future which then predominated. It was the self-fulfilling prophecy that if people expected devastation or the Apocalypse, that was what they were going to get.

FIP: Was there a reason why you felt this particular time was ideal for the launching of such a venture?

Feller: We felt that the threshold of a new decade was a time when people could grow and develop a whole new base for action. The base of action that emerged from the 'sixties and 'seventies was no longer appropriate. We wanted to try and develop something based on a positive vision, something that would give us the focus we needed in the very specific sense of helping to heal the planet.

FIP: Tell us how the Initiative works.

Feller: In every community where people want to take initiative, a local coordinating council is formed. They set up groups — what we call "local-issue exploration groups." The exploration groups are simple, small processes that allow people to explore safely and quietly and together their visions of the world they choose and the world we have now, what the differences are between the two, and how we get to the world we want.

Out of these groups comes a consensus for the building of an alternative future which can be shared with the consensus of other groups around the world. A local-issue exploration group in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, say, builds an image of what they would like Oshkosh to be — it will be like a town-hall meeting. These meetings might culminate in regional or continental or national gatherings and ultimately in the Planetary Congress at the Summer Solstice of 1983, when we expect several hundred thousand people.

FIP: There have been a number of groups that have tried to get behind the vision of "one world" and implement it. The most famous, I guess, were the World Federalists. Why do you think this particular initiative will succeed where others have failed?

Feller: The Planetary Initiative is based on a different set of premises. The World Federalists, for example, launched their program on a very specific answer: namely, that the solution to our problem lies in world government.

There are no specific answers in The Planetary Initiative. All the answers exist in people — the people who participate in the local-issue exploration groups. So the first essential characteristic of The Planetary Initiative is that it is not a specific narrow-gauge which says, "This is the way we need to go." Instead, it says we have a process out of which we might find some new and challenging answers.

Our suggestion is that what we need to do is change some fundamental attitudes, perspectives, and inner software before any of the outer forms are ever going to change. Our notion, essentially, is that we can change the world because our view of the world is change.

FIP: It seems that the mechanics of saving or healing the planet would come most naturally from an organization like the United Nations. What you are saying seems to imply that we need to go beyond the bounds of existing political organizations. Why do we need to create extra kinds of structures?

Feller: First I should say that The Initiative is not a structure. It is not about the creation of a new structure, although that could be one of the outcomes that people who share a yearning for a different kind of world might arrive at. What we're saying is that rather than new structures and new institutions, we need a new kind of person. We need a planetary person. That is what a planetary society requires. So this is a project designed to create a new kind of person — or, since this new kind of person actually already exists, to give him a place where he can find others like himself.

Having said that, though, let me add that the problems of food, hunger, population, and human rights are multilateral, multilingual, multidimensional, multinational problems. There is no question that the United Nations is not capable of dealing with them simply because it hasn't been given the political clout or authority to do so. The reason for this is that the United Nations is a creature of the nation states, the separate little billiard balls that keep knocking into each other and believe they are ultimate end of the range of human loyalties.

We need to build a popular movement, a political will, a public understanding that will give the power needed to institutions like the United Nations that we have created. We're saying, "Let's give everybody an opportunity to vote on their future."

FIP: So, basically, you're talking about a grassroots organization that attempts to do an end-run around what there is to establish what there already is.

Feller: Yes, what there is just has not found the mechanism it needs to function the way it's meant to. The Initiative aims to provide that mechanism. Currently there is no format for people who have changed and transformed themselves by means of spiritual processing to act in the world in a concerted, coordinated, systematic way.

FIP: How would you characterize the people — the "changed and transformed" people — who so far have responded to the Initiative?

Feller: They vary tremendously. On the one hand, we have people who believe the United Nations should be given a chance. And on the other, we have people who essentially want to redesign the world according to some very deep, very ancient, and newly resurrected spiritual traditions.

Many of the groups that have become involved — not only New Age groups, but the peace-movement groups, the human-rights groups, the environmentalists, and so on — have grown aware that dealing with outer symptoms, the "fever charts" of the arms race or human-rights violations, is not getting us anywhere any longer.

One specific case in point is Gerhart Elston, the former executive director of Amnesty International USA. He believes that the time has come for human-rights activists to recognize the deeper sources of such violations — the lack of a sense of shared community, the lack of a sense that we are passengers on a common spaceship, and that deciding not to violate the sacredness we feel about each other is the deepest commitment we can make.

FIP: Spiritual people are often criticized for an exclusive tendency in their thinking, for believing that political processes do not concern them.

Feller: There are so many graded scales of human evolution and so many places on Jacob's Ladder that it's hard to make any flat judgments. Everybody ought to be in the place they ought to be. At the same time, the awareness we are developing is that many of us who have discovered our spirituality now need to act on it. We can't afford now to retreat to the ashram, the cave, or the monastery. The imperative of this century, especially of the last quarter of the century, has been to build a whole new kind of spirituality. This — in the words of every Hindu saint and saddhu — is to be "in the valley." So here we are, in New York, "in the valley," trying to create a momentum or groundswell which can provide hope and vision in the midst of the desert.

If you look at most of the great spiritual leaders and teachers of history, they have been servers *par excellence.* We are pleading with people in spiritual movements to recognize that their own teachers in their best moments were committed first of all to service, to the treatment of others, to the attendance of global needs, and only secondarily to personal growth.

One of the mottoes of the Initiative is a saying by Rene Dubos: "Think globally and act locally." Thinking globally is in essence the kind of paramount spiritual achievement that people can attain when they think planetarily. Acting locally means that you're grounding that spiritual energy and moving it into your personal life and doing something with it and not just sitting on it. Sitting on global consciousness, sitting on spiritual awareness, according to many of the teachers I have read, is as much of a sin as not having it. You've got to act on it. And, if you're going to act on it, you might as well do it in your local community.

(For additional information about The Planetary Initiative, write to 777 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 19917, or phone (212) 490-2766.)

Shantha and Tom

Two Buddhists marched around the world for peace

by JEANNE JACOBY SMITH

TWO thin figures in Far Eastern garb stood facing our home in the brisk air. They removed paddles from their bags and chanted the last prayer of the dying Buddha in monotone tenors punctuated by occasional melodic consonants. Eyes serenely closed, they undulated slowly up and down to the cadence, their dark-skinned hands clasped reverently to either side of their prayer drums.

When their eyes opened, we ushered Shantha and Tom Matsuda into our home for a night of rest. They, along with forty others, had trekked twenty miles that day last April just as they had been doing every day since October 24, 1981.

In the wake of the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki by nuclear bombs thirty-seven years aso, Buddhists came to teach this country, predominantly a Judeo-Christian one, the meaning of "loving our neighbors as we love ourselves." As members of the World Peace March, Shantha and Tom stem from the Nipponzan Nyohoji order of Japanese Buddhist monks dedicated to the active promotion of peace and disarmament among all peoples of the earth. In response to their calling, the monks began their trek in April of 1980 at the foot of Mt Kiyosumi near Tokyo and traveled by foot to Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

Shantha, a native of Sri Lanka who converted to Buddhism while a student in Japan, was part of the original four-month march to Hiroshima. "The Hibakusha people, survivors of humankind's first attempt at nuclear war, return every year to speak at the annual conference against nuclear armaments," he says. "Many second and third generation offspring of the original victims suffer from genetic damage. Others are dying from various forms of cancer brought on years after the holocaust."

From Hiroshima the monks chose to carry the steps of the World Peace March to the American and Eurasian continents, creating awareness on a grass-roots level along the way. The group is basically spiritual in orientation, believing that Buddha's prophecy about Mappo — the Era of the Decay of the Dharma — will be a time of fire and destruction. The Nipponzan order interprets Mappo as the present age. It believes that if humankind can be called back from its insanity through prayer and repentance, this "ultimate global war which will annihilate humanity" can possibly be averted. Their spiritual leader, a former co-worker of Gandhi's, the Venerable Nichiatsu Fujii, says "The time has come to look up to heaven, prostrate ourselves on the earth, and cry. It is time to voice our grief and share it with everyone. This is what the World Peace March is all about."

Shantha's raspy voice, parched by climatic changes, related how he spent five months after the Hiroshima conference walking from London to Scotland. "We became the first peace march in the country," he said. "The trip was difficult because we had no caravan and carried our backpacks over the mountains ourselves. We'll never forget the kindness of the Quakers who helped us."

By September of 1980, the monks reached Milton Keynes in England, weary but triumphant. The first Peace Pagoda in the western hemisphere was dedicated in their presence.

From there the group broke up and went in four directions, covering one hundred countries to the East, West, North, and South. Shantha's group — the Eastern route — carried the steps of the march through Western Europe, East Germany, and the U.S.S.R. In a year's time the monks surrounded the globe with their message of peace. They converged again in Tokyo for the World Assembly of Religious Workers for General and Nuclear Disarmament. The assembly included over five hundred leaders of many faiths from fifty-six countries.

After the conference, marchers participated in three routes across Europe. Shantha allied himself with the Copenhagen-to-Paris walk, the

SHANTHA AND TOM *(Continued)*

most famous peace march in history which, he said, "averaged five hundred marchers a day with tens of thousands joining our ranks on weekends. When we paraded into Paris on Hiroshima Day, August 6, 1981."

The march reached its final stages in June, when all the groups transversing the American continent, came together in New York City for the United Nations Special Session on Disarmament. One thousand Japanese delegates carried with them thirty-five million signatures to be presented to the session. The signatures represented the names of half the adult population of Japan.

Tom Matsuda, who joined Shantha and the other monks in Los Angeles last year, was of direct Japanese ancestry. Though not a monk, he was an ardent follower of the order. "My interest," he said, "stems from my parents' experience in internment camps during World War II as well as from a sincere conviction that the march might somehow bring human beings together to prevent ultimate destruction."

The dedication of the Nipponzan Buddhists to their cause exceeded all other considerations. Weather scarcely mattered to them, for each march was planned with nothing but its objective in mind. The monks and their followers traipsed through snow, sleet, thunderstorms, wind, hail, rain, and the burning midday sun.

What was their reception in this country? "Overall," Tom said, "very good. We have vigiled at military bases and government buildings and the sites of nuclear hardware all over the country. For me the most moving experience occurred in Wichita, Kansas, where we joined a Mennonite prayer vigil at the Potwin nuclear missile silo. In forty-below-zero weather several elderly nuns prayed with us. Our march gives people hope that they are not alone. Wherever we go, peace groups spring up along the way."

"I never experienced snow before I came to America," Shantha said, "and I suffered because of it. Several times my fingers almost froze. But, as I agonized over my pain, I thought of the sacrifice of the people of Hiroshima and the memory of them made me strong."

He locked his eyes in an earnest gaze and said, "The third bomb will happen if people remain silent. If the nuclear arms race doesn't reverse itself, annihilation is inevitable. Hiroshima and Nagasaki must not happen again. Those people should not have died in vain!"

"With the current nuclear stockpile," he said, "a million and a half Hiroshimas are waiting to be unleashed. In the face of this terrible reality, all political differences and personal problems fade." He sank wearily onto a sofa, looking old with the burden of his mission.

Though Shantha and Tom were young, their journey was a spiritual one calling the world to repentance for its arrogance and ignorance and the delusion which allowed it to accept murder machinery in the name of national security. According to them and their fellow monks, humankind's only hope might be all voices joining together on the issue of disarmament: "Killing is the absolute sin, and nuclear war is the worst sin among all sins."

SUFFERING

A Problem That Won't Go Away

by DORIS DONNELLY

Several weeks after Cathy and David were married, Cathy opened the oven door to check a cake she had been baking. It was something Cathy had done many times before, yet this day, by some freak disordering of muscles, a fierce pain shot across Cathy's back, contorting her in agony for several hours. Three years since that "accident," Cathy has undergone six agonizing back operations, daily physical therapy, and she can still barely move without suffering recurrent painful spasms.

Cathy and David are ministers, and I know them. They are generous,

"I do not ask the wounded person how he feels; I myself become the wounded person."

— Walt Whitman

happy, caring young people. They live simply and give of their excess to any who have less. The truth is that Cathy and David may not be perfect, but they are better than most and totally undeserving of this break in their lives. Their story is another, in a long list of stories that we all know, that forces us to take a look at one of, if not "the" greatest mystery of all: why good people suffer.

I have been helped with my thoughts about the deep aching sense of life's unfairness to good people like Cathy and David by Harold S. Kushner's wise and profound book, *When Bad Things Happen to Good People (New York: Schocken Press, 1981, $10.95).* Kushner is a husband, a father, a rabbi and an educated man, but his credibility ultimately rests on the pain and hurt that he and his family endured when they learned that their three-year-old son Aaron was the victim of progenia. That diagnosis meant that Aaron would never grow much beyond three feet in height, would have no hair on his head or body, would look like a little old man while he was still a child, and would die in his early teens. On schedule with the doctors' predictions, Aaron Kushner died two days after his fourteenth birthday.

How one handles news like that is the subject of this touching, non-sentimental, helpful book. For all its wisdom, this is a slender volume of 149 pages. I urge you to read it, and I will spare lengthy commentary on its behalf. Instead, let me share four of many of its insights with you to glimpse some of Rabbi Kushner's uncommon sensitivity about the perennial unreasonableness of bad things happening to good people.

#1 God is not to blame. One of the ways in which people have tried to make sense of the world's suffering has been by assuming that we deserve what we get and that God has His reasons for making things happen as they do. There is a fundamental need among many of us to accept pain as punishment for something we've done and not to question God's activity or become angry at

God for fear that He may inflict even greater suffering upon us.

Kushner patiently but firmly explains the senselessness of this position. Life may be (and often *is*) unfair and unreasonable, but it is not absurd, as it would have to be to permit such a vindictive and capricious God to rule the world.

God does not cause evil to befall us, nor does He reach down to interrupt the workings of laws of nature to protect righteous people from harm. Bad things happen to good people because of bad luck, bad people, the laws of nature, and the laws of human freedom, but not because of God, and it helps no one to insist that things are otherwise. In fact, we can always count on God being with the victims, not the murderers. We might also imagine that the anguish and pain that we feel when we read of the sufferings of innocent people reflects God's anguish and God's compassion, even if His way of feeling pain is different from ours.

To believe that God wills us harm, or that God's discipline is the cause of our suffering, perverts any just understanding of who God is and who we are. A far more helpful approach is to change Job's question (and ours) from "God, why are you doing this to me?" to "God, see what is happening to me. Can you help?"

#2 Try not to make matters worse. Too often, when suffering comes our way, we instinctively do the wrong thing.

We don't feel we deserve to be helped, so we let guilt, anger, jealousy and self-imposed loneliness make a bad situation even worse.

"I have never thought that a Christian would be free of suffering. For Our Lord suffered. And I have come to believe that He suffered, not to save us from suffering, but to teach us how to bear suffering. For He knew that there is no life without suffering."

— Alan Paton — *Cry, the Beloved Country*

In a chapter called "God Helps Those Who Stop Hurting Themselves," Kushner offers some very good, practical advice to anyone who is the victim of rejection, bereavement, injury, or bad luck. He understands the basic human need to direct our anger someplace and wisely suggests that we not target it at ourselves, as willing as we might be to accept blame for the way things worked out. It is also not very helpful to blame someone else, guilty or not, convincing ourselves that they could have and should have prevented the tragedy. One therapeutic way to handle our anger is to be angry *at the situation*, rather than at ourselves, or at those who might have prevented our suffering, or at God who let it happen.

Kushner also offers some valuable "don'ts" to those who would comfort those in pain: don't suppress the need of the sufferer to be angry, to cry, and to scream; don't suggest that the sufferer is responsible for his or her misfortunes; don't feel that you have to vindicate God; don't talk too much (be a good listener); don't preach.

#3 Prayer does not prevent suffering. God is not a blackjack dealer in Las Vegas waiting for the lucky roll of the dice that rewards us with immunity from pain. As much as we love them, our relatives and friends will not be immune to disease or accidents because we prayed for them. We can't pray that He make our lives free of problems; this won't happen and it is probably just as well. Prayers that try to make deals with God never work. Prayers that recognize our helplessness and ask for courage, hope and strength, always do.

Prayer, according to Kushner, redeems people from isolation. It assures them that they need not feel alone and abandoned. We don't have to beg or bribe God to give us strength or hope or patience. We need only turn to God and admit that we can't do or confront our suffering on our own. That is the kind of prayer that God unfailingly answers with a reservoir of strength placed at our disposal, far more, incidentally, than we could ever have hoped for.

"Pain, the megaphone of God."

— C.S. Lewis, *The Problem of Pain*

"It was only when I lay there on rotting prison straw that I sensed within myself the first stirrings of good. Gradually, it was disclosed to me that the line separating good and evil passes, not through states, not between classes, nor between political parties either, but right through every human heart, and through all human hearts. So bless you, prison, for having been in my life."

— Alexander Solzhenitsyn, *The Gulag Archipelago*

#4 Meaning in suffering is not always apparent. Would that it were! It would surely make suffering more bearable. Meaning is seldom visible at the time the suffering is happening to us. Nor are we able to recognize that sufferings happen for any good reason which would cause us to accept them willingly. Yet we can *impose* meaning on our sufferings, and we do this most effectively by changing the question from "Why did this happen to me? What did I do to deserve this?" to "Now that this happened to me, what am I going to do about it?" The crucial thing we can do then is to affirm life, to act positively in the face of tragedy. It is then that we see that God may not prevent calamity, but He gives us the strength and the perseverance to overcome it. In that act, we redeem suffering, we give it meaning that it never possessed in itself. We tell suffering that it won't have the last word, that it can't defeat us and that hope and promise are stronger and more real than pain and defeat.

There are few books that affirm life as rigorously as this one does. It also affirms that none of us is free of pain and disappointment. Yet we are also gifted with the most incredible promise of all — that we will never be left alone — and that we are able to draw upon a source outside ourselves for the strength and courage we need to survive life's tragedies and life's unfairness. For these reminders, sensibly stated and intelligently presented, we can be deeply grateful to Harold Kushner.

Recommended Reading on Suffering

C.S. Lewis: The Problem of Pain *(New York: Macmillan & Company, paperback edition, 1978. $4.95.)* No stranger to pain, to religion, and to the printed word, Lewis possesses these qualifications *in excelsis.* His analysis, theologizing, and philosophizing on suffering are among the clearest and most poignant in the English language. The theory of this book meets its painful application in Lewis' subsequent work, *A Grief Observed*, written after the death, by cancer, of his wife.

Dorothee Soelle: Suffering *(Philadelphia: Fortress Press, 1975. $9.95.)* Dr. Soelle is a German Christian theologian who raises, among others, the important question of who it is that our suffering serves — God or the devil. Soelle tells us that it is our reaction to death and suffering that helps answer that question. If the death of an elderly woman in Auschwitz or a child in an American hospital causes us to question God's existence and people's fundamental goodness, then that woman and that child become the "devil's martyrs" — witnesses *against* God rather than witnesses *for* God. This provocative book is required reading on this subject.

Philip Yancey: Where Is God When It Hurts? *(Grand Rapids, Michigan: Zondervan Publishers, 1978. $8.95.)* The author of this book is a Christian pastor who has had his share of consoling good people who suffer. He draws on that extensive range of experience to discuss our response to pain and the possibility of overcoming it. This book is not as well focused in its approach as is Kushner's, but it is certainly recommended highly. Yancey was awarded several prestigious commendations within the world of religious publishing for this work.

CREDITS

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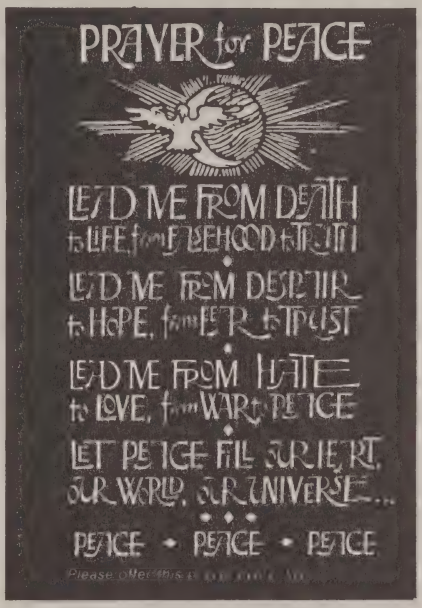
NEWS OF PRAYER

ALTHOUGH President Reagan's proposed amendment to permit voluntary prayer in schools was widely debated this summer, the main focus was on the Special Session on Disarmament at the United Nations.

World Peace Prayer

Reproduced at right is the World Prayer for Peace, which people around the world are offering daily at noon. This global saying of the prayer provides a continual vigil. We trust you will join in it. If you can't take time out to pray at noon, you can do it at any hour in the knowledge that your prayers are being offered along with those of others all around the globe. Copies of the prayer (and other materials related to peacemaking) can be obtained for ten cents apiece in postcard form from Covenant Peacemaking Program, Fellowship of Reconciliation, Box 271, Nyack, N.Y. 10960.


PRAYER for PEACE
LEAD ME FROM DEATH
to LIFE, from FALSEHOOD to TRUTH
LEAD ME FROM DESPAIR
to HOPE, from FEAR to TRUST
LEAD ME FROM HATE
to LOVE, from WAR to PEACE
LET PEACE FILL OUR HEART,
OUR WORLD, OUR UNIVERSE...
PEACE • PEACE • PEACE

The Longing for World Peace Creating Greater Cooperation

THE ANXIETY which began to be expressed last spring about the possibility of a nuclear holocaust has produced an increasing amount of cooperation among believers of all faiths. This development — which is happening in a period analagous to the late '40's when Fellowship in Prayer was founded in the midst of alarm over nuclear weapons — was most visible, over the Memorial Day weekend of "worship and witness." Joining together at that time were Pax Christi, New Call to Peacemaking, World Peacemakers, the Atlantic Life Community, Evangelicals for Social Action, the Pacific Life Community, *The Baptist Peacemaker*, Pro-lifers for Survival, and others. The National Leadership Conference of Women Religious organized Catholic religious women all over the country on Pentecost Sunday, while the Kentucky Baptist Convention designated May 30 as Peace Sunday. The movement gathered momentum as the U.N. Special Session drew near. According to *Sojourners* Magazine, "Joining together in this way across the country could be the beginning of wider cooperation for peace among the churches and in the religious community." Fellowship in Prayer has been saying since 1949 that "Prayer is the answer."

Abraham Menashe, winner of the first Carl A. Evans Award given in memory of Fellowship in Prayer's founder, has completed his book, "The Face of Prayer," which will be published next winter by Alfred A. Knopf of New York City.

Fellowship Business

Fellowship in Prayer's Board of Trustees met in Princeton last April for their annual meeting. The Trustees, who are elected for three-year terms, currently are: Miss Kathryn G. Brown, President of the Board, who served as Executive Secretary for twenty years until her retirement in 1976; James T.C. Liu, Professor of Chinese History at Princeton University; Rabbi Samuel M. Silver of Delray Beach, Florida; Emily Sargent Councilman, poet and resident of Burlington, North Carolina; Paul Griffith, Editor of Fellowship in Prayer; Herrymon Maurer, writer and former editor for *Fortune* Magazine; Reuben L. Musey, an administrator of Hagerstown Junior College in Hagerstown, Maryland; Dr. Mary Yiu, Professor of Comparative Literature at Brooklyn College of CUNY until her retirement in 1973; Edwiene Schmitt, a New York City attorney; and Nirbha Singh Khalsa *(see story that follows).* In addition to addressing business of the organization, the Trustees considered Fellowship in Prayer's responsibilities in a changing world.

Newest Trustee

At the age of thirty-one, Nirbha Singh Khalsa is the youngest as well as the most recent member of the Fellowship's Board of Trustees. On the engineering staff of Princeton University, a teacher of kundalini yoga at the University and in the community, he is founder and director of the 3HO Foundation of New Jersey. He is also a founding member of the Holistic Health Association of the Princeton Area.

Back Issues

Through contributions from readers, Fellowship in Prayer ships cartons of assorted recent issues to prisons, hospitals, nursing homes, and service organizations. For each five dollars donated, we send a carton containing two to three hundred copies to an institution of the donor's choice (if you prefer, you can leave the selection to us). Cartons with appropriate gift cards are sent in honor of birthdays, anniversaries, holidays, or simply to celebrate life. To participate, just write to us at 20 Nassau Street, Princeton, New Jersey 08540.

Books Editor

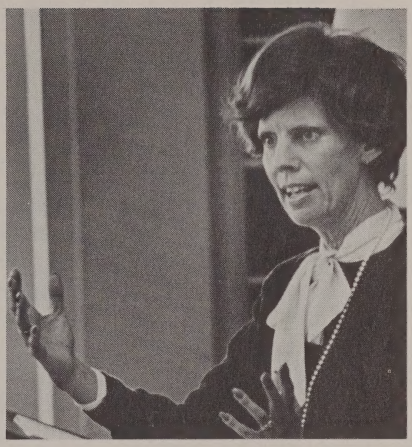
AS of last June, Contributing Editor Doris Donnelly has taken on the job of reviewing books for us *(see her article beginning on page 59 of this issue).* She is well-qualified

Born in New York City, she received her B.A. from Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, an M.A. in religion from the University of Southern California, a Ph.D. in theology from the Claremont Graduate School in California.

While living in California, she taught at Marymount High School in Bel Air and later was chairperson of the Theology Department at Immaculate Heart College in Hollywood. She returned to New York in 1970 to accept a position at Fordham University, where she founded and directed the graduate program in spirituality. In 1974, she was a columnist for *The National Catholic Reporter* and in 1976 was the first woman contributing editor of the Jesuit weekly *America.*

Currently Dr Donnelly serves as liaison at Princeton Theological Seminary between the seminary and its Roman Catholic students, teaching courses in spirituality and sacramental theology. She also acts as consultant on adult education for the Roman Catholic Diocese of Trenton. She is president of the Ecumenical Institute of Spirituality and a member of the American Academy of Religion.

She lectures widely — this summer on the West Coast — and is a prolific author. Her book *Learning to Forgive* was published in 1979 by Macmillan, and another, *Putting Forgiveness into Practice*, will be published by Argus later this year. She is at work on a prayer book.



Doris Donnelly of Princeton Seminary.

We regret to report the death last year of Jennie Mastropaolo (above) who, with her husband Frank, contributed in many ways to Fellowship in Prayer for years.

ON IGNORANCE

AFTER the giants and the dwarves, the whites and the blacks, the good and the bad, there appears yet another segment of the human race: the learned and the ignorant. Of this segment, the former pities the latter gratuitously as they do not ask to be pitied. In effect, the ignorant have advantages over the learned which are as easily discerned as they are developed.

The number of learned persons appears to be infinite, and all unjustly claim the right to distain the ignorant. However, one must learn to distinguish the learned who believe they know, from the learned who know badly. Experience teaches us at every moment to which group they belong, and at our own expense that these two tribes are numerous. One must also establish categories for those learned persons who ignore that which ought to be known, and those who know that which is best ignored.

The wisest, after he has seen much, read much, learned much should imagine himself before a scale, and like Montaigne ask: "What do I know?"

Ignorance is either owed to a natural disposition of being, or from reasoning drawn from the comparison of what the most erudite man knows to what remains to be learned. Ignorance; good and simple ignorance has no declared partisans; it has, so to say, only shameful friends.

All of the advantages of ignorance cannot be perceived at first, but that does not make them any less real. To be aware that prejudice against ignorance has been long-standing is the guarantee that the noble wits among us will not refuse to listen to what may be said in its favor.

Firstly, we must speak of the physical advantages. Within the heirarchy of nature's wishes, there is the need to preserve human beings. One of the benefits of ignorance is the accomplishment of this wish. This benefit is announced by a facial calm and a peaceful soul. These are the visible indications of a constitution which does not wander from rest; the best of all possible paths of conservation.

Secondly, ignorance is not an absolute necessity, but it has its usefulness, especially if one chooses to affect it. Feigned ignorance is the only hypocrisy which purports any social value; as it is one of the recommended ways in the art of pleasing, for it provides others with the ability of being superior. However, it is a difficult role to support and one that should not be affected, but played by those who are actually ignorant.

If these are the advantages of ignorance, there remains to speak of the reward which awaits the ignorant. The essence of an ignorant person sparkles all the more brightly when not smothered by the mists of poorly founded knowledge. Ignorance is not coarse like feigned knowledge — ignorance, true ignorance is crystalline, transparent — it is an original state of being.

If God, in his omniscience has intended to populate heaven, it must be with the ignorant. For the truly learned know that they are ignorant, and the ignorant who think they know need only to ask themselves, "What do I know?"

— Benjamin Constant: Le Publiciste

Translation by J.S.D.G.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

Chanoyu: The formal art of Tea. The Zen monks gathered before the image of Bodhidharma and drank tea out of a single bowl with the profound formality of holy sacrament. It was this Zen ritual which developed into the tea ceremony of Japan in the fifteenth century.

Kei: A religious feeling of reverence toward a higher power, and a feeling of humility toward others born of a sincere awareness of our own moral, spiritual, intellectual, and physical shortcomings.

Sei: Represents cleanliness, orderliness, quietness. Everything in and about the tearoom must be spotlessly clean and free from even a speck of dust or dirt. As in Taoism and Shintoism, one must purify not only one's mouth and hands, but, more importantly, one must purify one's mind from the contamination of the senses.

Jaku: Means tranquility and is the quality that man adds to his environment from his inner self and is the most essential factor in the art of Tea.

Wabi style of Tea: Formulated by Takeno Joo (1502-1555). This tea ceremony was based on simplicity and purity in which Takeno Joo could entertain his guests with sincerity rather than with expensive cups and bowls. The following are the twelve regulations he placed upon his disciples:

1) You should be kind in the ceremony.
2) You should be polite and peaceful.
3) You should not criticize others.
4) You should not be proud of yourself.
5) You should not ask for tea utensils which belong to others.
6) You should not put your main purpose on the tea utensils.
7) You should serve the proper tea meal, even if you have a rare guest of honor.
8) True teaists should have keen eyes about utensils, and be able to use even those which are wasted by others.
9) Tea people should not pretend to be experts in tea ceremony.
10) Tea devotees should humble themselves, understand the meaning of Buddhism, and be sensitive about poems.
11) Tea devotees may seem lonely . . . If you strive toward gleaming beauty, there is not taste — if you strive toward rusticity, it becomes dirty.
12) You should not conduct a ceremony which does not blend with the heart of your guest — which puts your guest to any physical or mental trouble.

Since 1949 the purpose of Fellowship in Prayer is to promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

THE MANTRAM OF UNIFICATION

The sons of men are one and I am one with them.
I seek to love, not hate;
I seek to serve and not exact due service;
I seek to heal, not hurt.

Let pain bring due reward of light and love.
Let the soul control the outer form,
And life, and all events,
And bring to light the Love
That underlies the happenings of the time.

Let vision come and insight.
Let the future stand revealed.
Let inner union demonstrate and outer cleavages be gone.
Let love prevail.
Let all men love.

World Goodwill, Suite 566-7, 866 UN Plaza, NY, NY 10017

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